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Volume 49 For Week ending 7 April, 1894 Number 14

The Week

THE President vetoes the silver bill. He says that its language is ambiguous, that the debates in Congress upon it showed an earnest and positive difference of opinion as to its object and meaning, and that the present perplexities and embarrassments of the Secretary of the Treasury ought not to be augmented by devolving upon him the execution of a law so uncertain and confused. We believe that this criticism upon the bill is entirely just, and is sufficient to justify the veto. But the President takes the occasion to expound at some length his financial views, and, while he professes a desire to "accord to silver a proper place in our currency," and implies that we ought "to preserve the parity between gold and silver and maintain sensible bimetallism," his views are practically those of a gold monometallist; for he maintains that all our obligations, whether in terms payable in gold or silver, must be paid in gold.

❀

We now have in circulation, in round numbers, $1,650,000,000, divided as follows:

Greenbacks	$350,000,000
National bank notes	150,000,000
Coin notes	150,000,000
Silver and silver certificates	450,000,000
Gold and gold certificates	550,000,000
	$1,650,000,000

The first three classes are payable in gold or silver at the option of the Government, or, in the case of National bank notes, at the option of the bank; the two latter classes are payable only in silver and gold respectively. But already the usage of the Government to give the option to the holder has been so long continued in the case of greenbacks and bank-notes as to give a popular impression that they are payable in gold at the option of the holder, and President Cleveland, by his message, seeks, as he has done heretofore, to transfer the option in the case of the coin notes in a similar manner to the holder. His exact language is as follows:

> "On the demand of the holders these Treasury notes were to be redeemed in gold or silver coin in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, but it was declared as a part of this redemption provision that it was 'the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law.' . . . Manifestly, the maintenance of this parity can only be accomplished, so far as it is affected by these Treasury notes, and in the estimation of the holders of the same, by giving to such holders, on their redemption, the coin, whether it is gold or silver, which they prefer."

Throughout the rest of his message he assumes that these notes are payable in gold or silver *at the option of the holder*, despite the express terms of the law, that the option rests with the Government, not with the holder. And he even asks authority to issue bonds to increase the gold reserve, in order to have gold with which to pay debts payable in express terms in silver, of which we have already stock more than enough to pay them all

❀

The question whether it is *expedient* for us to pay silver debts in gold, or even to borrow gold and tax ourselves in interest payments for that purpose, we do not think it necessary for us to discuss. It is sometimes wise for a debtor to pay more than he is under any obligation to pay. But this question of expediency, it appears to us, under our Constitution, it is for Congress to determine, not for the President. And, even in arguing that question, it appears to us that the President is clearly mistaken in asserting that it is "*manifest*" that the parity of gold and silver can be maintained only by paying silver obligations in gold coin. This is not manifest to many expert students of this subject, who point, in support of their opposite opinion, to the fact that not one of the $350,000,000 of silver certificates has ever been redeemed in gold by the Treasury Department, but nevertheless they have circulated in this country ever since 1878 on a par with greenbacks, National bank notes, coin notes, and even with gold coin. And we think it is equally clear that the supporters of the President's policy manifestly err in assuming, as many of them do, that paying coin notes in silver is, or approximates, a breach of faith. Every one of these notes was issued under a law which expressly declares that they are payable in gold or silver at the option of the Government; and while we do not question the right and duty of the Executive, in the exercise of that option, to pay coin notes in gold if he judges that public interest so requires, the endeavor to change the Nation's promise into one to pay at the option of the holder, by Executive act and without the approbation of the legislative body, is at least questionable.

❀

The conflict in South Carolina between the liquor-selling and liquor-drinking mobs and the State constabulary has almost developed into a civil war. In districts where the Conservative faction of the Democratic party is in power the efforts of local officials to enforce the Dispensary Law enacted by the Reformers are at best lukewarm. The changes recently made in the law empowered the State Board to cut off all share in the dispensary profits from the localities whose officers fail to co-operate with the State constables. In some quarters this provision seems to have been tolerably effective, but in others—notably Darlington and Florence—the local officials have hardly pretended to enforce the Dispensary Law. In consequence of this, these towns were cut off from participation in the dispensary profits and a force of State constables was sent to close the private dram-shops. In Florence a mob burned the dispensary; and in Darlington, when a squad of constables arrived on Friday, a street brawl developed into a fight in which one of the constables and two citizens were killed

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and several others wounded. Apparently in this conflict one of the constables was the first to fire, but the armed mob which had gathered was one that had been incited by a public meeting of nominally respectable citizens to resist at all hazards the searching of private houses, no matter how clear the warrant. When the shooting had taken place, the mob increased, and the constables were forced to run for their lives. Most of them escaped to the swamps, but mobs continued to search for them, determined to kill them if found. When the news reached Columbia, Governor Tillman called upon the Governor's Guards to go to the scene of the conflict, and that body refused to obey orders; then upon the local militia and the militia of Charleston, and was still met with refusals—the companies disbanding rather than aid a Reform Governor in enforcing the chief law of his administration. Then the Governor called upon the country companies, which responded promptly to the call. These companies have gone to Darlington to maintain order, but how long they will have to remain is still in question. The Governor has proclaimed an insurrection, and is exercising all the arbitrary powers over the telegraph and railroads which the South Carolina law vests in him. The conflict, though in some respects like those of the National Government with the "moonshiners" in the Carolina mountains, illustrates again the difficulty of enforcing State temperance laws in localities where public opinion opposes them, and this difficulty is as inherent in the State dispensary system as in State prohibition. Beyond this, however, the conflict brings out the shameful extent to which factional feeling will carry even reputable citizens. The Conservative press of South Carolina, by faint damning, praises these mobs as defenders of the sacred principle that a man's house is his castle and must not be raided because of alleged violation of the law. To how many laws these papers would extend this principle we do not know, but it is interesting to note that the spokesmen for the liquor traffic never object to such raids when the lawful traffic is in the hands of private dealers, but frantically object to it when the lawful traffic is in the hands of the public. In other words, what it is right for the public to do in defense of licensed liquor-dealers it is wrong for the public to do in defense of itself!

❀

In Massachusetts and in Ohio, also, the liquor question has come again into the foreground. In Massachusetts the proposed introduction of the Gothenburg system has been the subject of discussion. The most interesting witness before the Legislative Committee last week was Mr. G. Thomann, the head of the Literary Bureau of the Brewers' Association. Mr. Thomann gladly accepted the report of the Massachusetts Commission as to the good effects of the system in Scandinavia, but insisted that these good effects were due to the sharp distinction drawn between distilled and fermented liquor. The Gothenburg system, while restricting the sale of spirits, permits any one who wishes to sell beer and wine. It was by spreading the use of fermented liquors in place of distilled liquors, Mr. Thomann maintained, that the Scandinavian system had proved so beneficial. He admitted that the chief temperance workers wished to extend the system to include beer and wine, but said that they were an insignificant minority. The proposition to introduce the system in this country, and restrict the sale of beer as well as spirits, he opposed as an attempt to play Hamlet with the principal character left out. He further declared that the Swedish system was almost as Socialistic as the South Carolina dispensary system. Not only was the public now supposed to receive all profits above the five per cent. upon the capita invested by the company monopolizing the business, but there is a strong current of opinion in favor of a direct public monopoly. A powerful workingmen's association in Stockholm, ever since 1880, has been fighting the retailing companies, accusing them of corporate profit-making. Mr. Thomann simply reports this accusation, declaring that he does not wish to claim that it is credible. Yet the fact that it is made in this way indicates that, if we adopt the Gothenburg system of indirect public control, we must be prepared for an agitation in favor of the South Carolina system of direct public control. With the public sentiment we have in this country against any participation in the liquor traffic, it seems doubtful if we could organize a corporation to deal in liquors so honorable as not to water the stock upon which it may pay five per cent. dividends, in the same way that the railway corporations have watered the stock upon which they were authorized to pay from six to ten per cent. dividends. If we are going to have the liquor business monopolized, it would seem best on every account that the conduct of the monopoly should be under the most direct public control.

❀

In Ohio the tax law with township local option is no longer abreast of public sentiment. The township, as has been frequently pointed out, is too small a unit for local option, because it does not permit great numbers of communities to protect themselves against neighboring saloons. The Haskell Bill now before the Ohio Legislature proposes to cure this defect by provisions summarized as follows:

"The question whether the traffic in intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited must be submitted to the voters of every county, city, ward, and township in the State, at the next November election. If a majority of the qualified voters of any county, city, ward, or township vote in favor of prohibition, all persons engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage within such county, city, ward, or township must discontinue the business within forty days of the date of the election."

By this means any subdivision of the county may free itself of saloons, whenever a majority of its voters desire; and when a majority of the entire county desire, the entire county can be freed. Such a law extends the free territory just as rapidly as public sentiment demands, yet never extends it more rapidly, since the district which suppresses the saloons in every case elects officials empowered to suppress them. We hope that the passage of this law will be urged by temperance people of every shade of opinion.

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An Anti-Lottery League has been formed at Ocala, Fla., but the accounts of its growth are in the sharpest contrast with those of the growth of the business of the Central American Express Company, in whose care the Lottery Company's advertisements direct that all communications to its president should be addressed. One of the clerks of this new express company is reported to have stated that shortly after the Lottery Commissioners last returned from Honduras it was handling five thousand packages a day. These packages are sent to agents throughout the country, who attend to the distribution of the contents. As the New York "Times" remarks editorially, "The whole lottery business, except the drawing, is done as completely within the United States as ever." In addition to the Honduras company, we from time to time have our attention called to other concerns, foreign and domestic, engaged in the same business. The domestic concerns are, we believe, generally fraudulent. We have before us, for example, a package of tickets of "The Louisiana Lottery Company, of New Orleans and Kansas City," which was sent to one of our subscribers with the request that he would act as agent.

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The circular accompanying it stated that—"During the year 1894 we expect to spend one million dollars, directly or indirectly, in advertising and building up our business in the United States and Canada, and, naturally, we are going to place it where it will do us the most good. . . . If some well-known man like yourself should draw $75,000, $10,000, or even $5,000, it would be the means of selling thousands of tickets in your part of the country." Of course such a circular indicates that the firm sending it out—"Silas L. Carr & Co., Kansas City, Kansas"—is a company of swindlers. Even this company, however, by carefully using the express companies instead of the mail, is able without breaking National laws to conduct its fraudulent business in the parts of the country where its character is not known.

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The New York Senate has, with but one dissenting vote, appointed a committee to reinvestigate the charges against Mr. Brockway and the management of the Elmira Reformatory. This is right. The investigation already made, while nominally conducted by the State Board of Charities, was really conducted by a single member of that Board, Mr. Edward H. Litchfield. Mr. Litchfield bears a high reputation; but so has Mr. Brockway borne a high reputation. And it is not in accordance with Anglo-Saxon ideas of justice to allow any man to be tried and convicted by one man, however excellent he may be. The reinvestigation was demanded by the Board of Managers of the Reformatory, who are also men of eminence, and who have preferred severe charges against the methods and spirit in which the investigation of Mr. Brockway's administration has been conducted. The public will do well to hold its judgment in suspense until this reinvestigation is concluded. It is reported that Governor Flower will himself suspend action, as in our judgment he ought to do. What the New York "Sun" says in a careful and judicial editorial is unquestionably true:

"He [Mr. Brockway] has directed the Elmira Reformatory under a Board of Managers of humane men of the highest standing and the best reputation, whose only concern is the usefulness of the institution. Ever since its establishment it has received the constant and studious examination of philanthropists and prison officers from all parts of the Union and from foreign countries; and those whose information as to it is most thorough are loudest in its praise. For seventeen years it has been under the careful inspection of the State Board of Charities without its management provoking any criticism from them. The appearance of the convict inmates has always struck visitors as differing remarkably and favorably from that of the prison population generally. The Elmira convicts are brighter, more cheerful, more intelligent, and more self-respecting."

We may add that the Executive Committee of the Prison Reform Association, a committee of experts, has, since 1879, carefully studied the workings of the Institution, examining many of the men discharged from it, and as a result bears testimony to the excellence of its work. And this testimony is further confirmed by the fact that the proportion of reform under Mr. Brockway's administration has been more than two-thirds greater than that in most American prisons. Such a man should not be removed from office, nor condemned by the public, on the judgment of a single person, nor upon an investigation conducted by a single person, however excellent and eminent.

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There has been a good deal of newspaper discussion over the proposed amendments to the libel law of this State, and some of them have been based on curiously inaccurate reports of the changes proposed in the law. The bill, as it has passed the Assembly to a third reading, simply provides: (1) That no action can be maintained for a fair and true report of any judicial, legislative, or other public or official proceeding—which, but for the ambiguity of the word "public," is eminently just and right; and (2) that the defendant may always show, in mitigation of damages, that he has promptly published a retraction, and that the original publication was made in good faith and without malice—which is also legitimate. But there are two clauses in the second section of this bill which seem to us indefensible: one a clause allowing a defendant to show that the plaintiff has recovered damages from other defendants for the publication of the same libel; and the other that "if the jury is satisfied that the publication was made in good faith and without malice, then no punitive or exemplary damages shall be allowed." The fact that one man has been made to pay damages for his wrong-doing is no reason why another culprit should not pay for a similar wrong-doing—rather a reason why he should; and if the clause which we have quoted were adopted, one important and needed restraint on the press would be taken away—needed, because the vice of the American press is not malice, but reckless carelessness, and a willingness to secure a sale by sensational publication of reports without inquiry into their truth. We would far prefer to provide that, in any case of libelous matter, malice shall be presumed and exemplary damages may be given unless the defendant shall prove to the satisfaction of the jury that all reasonable precautions were taken to ascertain the truth of the rumor before publishing it. But we judge, from the imperfect reports furnished by the daily press, that these objectionable clauses have been stricken from the bill on its final passage.

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A treaty has been negotiated with China which provides all that the anti-Chinese sentiment of this country has desired, but provides for securing it in an honorable and legitimate way. The treaty recites that the Government of China, in view of the sentiment in the United States, "desires to prohibit the emigration of such [Chinese] laborers from China to the United States." For the purpose of securing this end it is agreed that such emigration shall be absolutely prohibited, except that any registered Chinese laborer who has a lawful wife, child, or parent in the United States, or property to the value of one thousand dollars, may return, provided that before leaving the United States he deposits a description of his family or property with the Collector of Customs and receives from him an immigration certificate. The treaty further excepts officials, teachers, students, merchants, and travelers for curiosity or pleasure, who may enter the United States provided they bring a certificate from their Government; and it further provides for the protection of such Chinese as are, under the terms of this law, residing in this country. It also permits China to enact laws relative to American citizens residing in China analogous to those permitted to be enacted by the United States respecting Chinese residents in this country. This treaty, negotiated by Secretary Gresham, is said to be opposed by certain Senators because it will have the effect to abrogate the Geary Law. Exception is taken to allowing a Chinaman to return to this country if he once leaves it. With this exception, the objection to the law appears to be that it secures in a courteous and honorable way, and with the assent of China, what by our previous legislation we have attempted to secure in a discourteous and dishonorable way without her consent.

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The news regarding the Mosquito-Nicaragua trouble that has reached this country the past week has been both confused and conflicting. In a few days Admiral Benham, in the San Francisco, will reach Bluefields, and we may

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then hope to have something like an intelligible account of the situation. It is certain that the Nicaraguans invaded this territory belonging to the Mosquito Indians with total disregard of the rights of the local government, as guaranteed by the Manigua treaty, signed by Nicaragua in 1860. The American residents in Bluefields seem generally to have opposed the Nicaraguan invasion and to have approved the act of the British ships in landing troops to preserve order, although our Consul denies that, as reported, he joined in a request for the landing of troops. A temporary settlement is then reported to have been made by which the Nicaraguan troops were to withdraw and the British vessels were to take away in safety the Mosquito chief who had been driven out of power. But immediately after the departure of the British ships the Nicaraguan Commissioner returned with thirty armed men, in violation of the agreement. This led to a report that Nicaragua had ceded Corn Island to Great Britain in return for the withdrawal of the ships. This report has been emphatically denied by Commissioner Lacayo, who asserts that Nicaragua had already refused an unofficial offer of a million dollars from the United States for the lease of the island for ninety-nine years, but that his Government would probably consent to allow the United States to use Corn Island as a coaling station. At the last accounts from Bluefields the native police were keeping order, the thirty Nicaraguans were voluntarily keeping indoors, the Americans were preserving an attitude of neutrality, and the British vessels had left the place. It is said that an American named Wilson has been shot, by the orders of the Nicaraguan Governor of Rama (a nephew of Commissioner Lacayo), but no comprehensible account of the circumstances has been given. A committee bearing an appeal from American residents at Bluefields for the protection of their interests is said to be on its way to Washington. It is not at all likely that our Government will interfere in the quarrels between Nicaragua and the Mosquito Indians. A single war-vessel at Bluefields can easily protect American property and lives. The real point of interest lies in the question whether Great Britain is or is not using these troubles to obtain a territorial foothold in the vicinity of the entrance to the proposed Nicaragua Canal. So far there has been no positive evidence of such an intention. The cession of Corn Island would certainly look in that direction, but the weight of evidence is that no such cession has been made or is desired.

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The bigotry of unbelief is as intolerable as any other bigotry. In France this truth has just been officially recognized. The Mayor of St. Denis had refused to allow a cross to be placed on a grave in his cemetery. Appeal was taken to the Minister of Public Worship. This office is filled by M. Spüller, once a bitter anti-clericist, but now, it seems, a man of eminent good sense and moderation. He declared squarely that it was the policy of the French Government to be tolerant and to repress acts of intolerance and fanaticism wherever found. Such an act, he considered, was this refusal to allow the symbol of a religion to be placed upon a grave. The Radicals in the Chamber of Deputies, through M. Brisson, at once attacked the Government, but the Chamber sustained M. Spüller by a vote of 280 to 120. The discussion in the Chamber was important as showing the growing and constant strength of the Moderate Republicans. They held their ground firmly, and altogether out-reasoned and out-voted the Radicals under Brisson and Clemenceau, who would not distinguish, in their hostility, between clericism and religion. By the Government's declared intention, in this debate, to pursue a moderate and conciliatory course toward the Church, France replies courteously and justly to Leo XIII.'s recent injunction to French Catholics to accept the Republic unreservedly and to make themselves good citizens. There is every reason now to hope for relations between State and Church which shall be mutually tolerant, and which shall leave every citizen free to worship as he chooses so long as he does not interfere with his neighbor's liberty of thought and belief. If this new attitude of tolerance is taken undue advantage of by extreme churchmen to work injury to the Republic or to foster political intrigue, they will have only themselves to thank if they lose by such abuse the liberty they have now gained.

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Like the recent death of Sir Samuel Baker, the tragically sudden passing away of Verney Lovett Cameron removes a practical civilizer of Africa who can ill be spared. His fall in the hunting-field recalls a similar accident which ended the life of another African traveler, Captain Speke; and it is singular that these men, after having overcome multitudinous and terrible dangers in a savage land, should meet their fate in this way at home. Commander Cameron's connection with explorations in the Dark Continent dates from the meeting in 1871 at Ujiji between Livingstone and Stanley. Shamed by this event into realizing their neglect of Livingstone, the English people, through the Royal Geographical Society, organized a search and relief force, and Commander Cameron, whose early cruisings along the east coast of Africa had filled him with zeal to undertake some work in aid of one who was battling slavery, was given the leadership. When Livingstone's death nullified further prosecution of the original purpose, Cameron brought the body back from Unyamyembe to be buried with distinguished honors in Westminster Abbey, and then headed another expedition to carry on the incomplete explorations. In this journey the intrepid pioneer traveled nearly five thousand miles on foot, and was the first European ever to cross equatorial Africa from ocean to ocean. He discovered that the chain of rivers and lakes which the great missionary had made known to the world was part and parcel of the Congo system, and he showed his countrymen that the true way to civilize this great and naturally favored region was by chartered companies and the speedy construction of railways and steamers. He then returned to the navy and served until 1878, when he undertook an overland journey to demonstrate the feasibility of building a railway from some Mediterranean port to India without following the course of the river Euphrates. Four years later he explored the "Hinterland" of the African Gold Coast Colony. From all these expeditions valuable results have come, but the greatest is the vigor with which he has energized the suppression of slave-trading in Africa.

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General News.—The Hon. Charles F. Crisp, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was last week appointed by Governor Northen, of Georgia, to succeed the late Senator Colquitt; Mr. Crisp declined, on the ground that his party had a right to his services in the position he holds at present, and Governor Northen has appointed instead Mr. Patrick Walsh, editor and owner of the Augusta "Chronicle."——Augustus A. Brush, ex-Warden of Sing Sing Prison, died at Hopewell, N. Y., on Friday of last week, at the age of sixty-two.——The Rev. Sylvester Malone (R.C.), of Brooklyn, has been selected to succeed the late Bishop McNierney on the New York State Board of Regents; the selection gives satisfaction to friends of education generally, as Mr. Malone has been heartily in sympathy with

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the public schools of the State.——Prince Bismarck was seventy-eight years old last Sunday, and the occasion was made one of great rejoicing by Germans generally.——The latest reports from Samoa state that still another rebellion has broken out, headed by several chiefs who have not heretofore been in revolt; fighting between the rebels and King Malietoa's forces frequently takes place, and some thirty or forty men have been killed.——The four by-elections which have just taken place in Great Britain have all resulted in the election of Liberal candidates, though, in three cases, by reduced majorities.——Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was buried in Budapest on Sunday, in the presence of over 300,000 persons; there were no political disturbances.——Charles Édouard Brown-Séquard, the eminent physician and physiologist, died in Paris on Monday, at the age of seventy-six.——President Bermudez, of Peru, died on Saturday of last week; Pierola, the First Vice-President, should, under the Constitution, succeed for the rest of the term (ending in August), but, owing to the opposition to his candidacy for the Presidency in the coming election, he has taken refuge on a British ship, and his rival, Caceres, the present Second Vice-President, has assumed executive power.——The debate on the Wilson Tariff Bill was opened in the Senate on Monday by Senator Voorhees.

Mrs. Ward's "Marcella"

The appearance of Mrs. Ward's new story, "Marcella," just published by the Macmillans, affords fitting opportunity for comment upon the career of one of the most interesting and promising of contemporary English writers; a woman who is now, all things considered, the foremost woman employing our language for literary purposes. It is but five years since "Robert Elsmere" took the English-reading world by storm; not so much because men agreed with it as because of its tremendous earnestness, its elevation, and its searching insight into an experience which many sensitive and thoughtful minds have passed through. Mr. Wilde is reported to have said that "Robert Elsmere" was a repetition of "Literature and Dogma" without the literature. This comment is clever rather than true, for while "Robert Elsmere" had great faults as a novel, it also had great merits. It was not only an intensely interesting "human document," but it was also an extremely fine piece of literary work. Its faults were of the noble kind, for they were the faults of wealth of material and not of poverty. Mrs. Ward tried to do too much, and she did it with such tremendous earnestness that she was at times lost in her theme, and her art suffered in consequence. From the conclusions to which "Robert Elsmere" pointed The Outlook found itself differing as widely as possible, but for the intense humanity of the book, for its elevation of tone, and for the beauty of spirit which shone through it, there could be only admiration.

The fact that Mrs. Ward's primary impulse is vital rather than purely artistic was shown when, in the next story, "David Grieve," she presented the human problem from another point of view, in a series of experiences sketched for the most part with striking skill and power. This novel showed a marked advance as a story over its predecessor, but it was still apprentice work of a high order, and its chief value lay in the fact that it gave every discerning reader the assurance that there were still better things to come from its author. In "Marcella" Mrs. Ward fulfills the promise of her earlier stories, and frees herself from the faults which marred her earlier work; she is not less intense in sympathy, and she has no less power of passion, but she is far more artistic. Her materials are thoroughly in her hands, her beautiful tenderness and compassionateness with all human suffering are not in any way diminished; but while she depicts experience so powerfully that she seems to be sharing it, she maintains the attitude of the artist in preserving her own individuality; not only feeling intensely with her characters, but seeing them with clear and dispassionate vision.

The social problem, so full of perplexity, touching life on so many sides, and from many points of view so apparently insoluble, furnishes far more dramatic elements than any other problem with which Mrs. Ward has dealt; and her artistic success in "Marcella" is shown in the fact that she never for a moment puts the problem in the place of the story. Her chief concern is with the development of Marcella's character and with the delineation of her career. This brilliant, impetuous, eager, and untrained girl throws herself, heart and soul, into the humanistic movement of the time, eager to right at once all wrongs, remove all burdens, and undo the evil work of centuries of imperfect or unjust institutions. She does not go far before she learns the appalling magnitude of the problem with which she is struggling, and discerns that institutions leave their moral deposit in character, and that to modify or destroy an institution does not modify or destroy the character which has been formed under it. So, by a thousand subtle touches, Mrs. Ward shows the connection of the social problem with the whole range of life; with social traditions, opinions, habits, manners; with institutions and laws, and with individual character. She brings out with great power the solidarity of society; she makes us feel that it is a living organism, and not a mass of laws and institutions. And so she does what no one else has done with equal power and completeness: she brings out the relativity of the social question. "Marcella" is a novel which will not discourage serious men and women, but will make them more conscious than ever of the complexity and importance of that group of questions which are just now pressing upon the world with ever-increasing persistence and force; for it brings into very striking relief the fact that the human element predominates over all political and institutional elements, and that, as the human element is the fundamental and abiding thing, so in personal devotion and personal service lie the only possible solutions of the problem. Beneficent changes in the laws and institutions will do much; but, as it is, after all, men and women, in their lives, thoughts, feelings, and aims, who are to be reached, other men and women must stand with them in fellowship of deepest sympathy and of highest aspiration.

In this novel Mrs. Ward settles the question of her position as an artist; for she shows here not only a trained but a very rich and effective natural force. Beginning with notable breadth of culture, it seemed to many as if her earlier stories showed the trained hand and the cultivated mind rather than the natural gift for novel-writing. But in "Marcella" Mrs. Ward has found herself; has gone, in other words, below her culture, and writes straight out of her heart, with a directness, a freedom, and a power which place her in the front rank of novelists. In each case she has dealt with some problem of the times, but it is evident that her fundamental interest, like that of every dramatic writer, is in the men and women upon whom these problems press, and who are so largely shaped and formed by them. Whether she deals with the religious problem or the social problem, her chief concern is not with the solution of the immediate question, but with the working out of the individual destiny. She is, therefore, primarily a writer, and her function is that of an artist

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rather than that of a teacher of sociology or of ethics; and it is as a work of fiction that "Marcella" will make its mark. Unless we are mistaken, it will go far towards putting its writer beside George Eliot.

Woman Suffrage

If the women of the State of New York do not wish to assume the responsibilities of the suffrage, it is high time they bestirred themselves to say so. For the women who do want the ballot are naturally enthusiastic; the women who do not want it are naturally apathetic; and a little enthusiasm is more than a match for a great deal of apathy. The women suffragists are, quite properly, pushing very vigorously to get signatures to their petition for the extension of the suffrage; the women who do not want to vote are, naturally enough, staying at home and paying little or no attention to the matter. Under these circumstances thousands of signatures are attached to the petition by persons who do not consider seriously the effect of the political revolution which would be involved if the petition should be granted. The unwisdom of conservative opposition to this movement has, moreover, greatly strengthened it. It has been gravely argued that women are incompetent to vote; this has been asserted in an age and country which confers the ballot on thousands of foreigners and millions of negroes who cannot read the ballot put into their hand. The ballot is treated as a kind of symbol of citizenship; the deprivation of it as a denial of equality. Women are told that by that deprivation they are classed with idiots, the insane, criminals, and children. All this stirs their resentment, as it ought to do. Educated women demand the ballot, not because they really want to vote, but because they want this symbolic and official recognition of their competence and character. Meanwhile the men, who have to decide this question, are waiting to see what the women want. Convince the voters of this State that the women want the ballot, and it will instantly be given to them. Few husbands would deny it to the wife if she wanted it; fewer sons to the mother. The question is really one for the wives and the mothers to determine.

The danger is that it will be determined by the enthusiasm of the few and by the apathy of the many. If all the women who want to vote sign the petition, and all the women who think they want to vote because they want a recognition that they are competent to vote, add their signatures, and, finally, all the women who are influenced by the other two classes to sign it without serious consideration of the duties which granting this petition would entail upon them, add their names, it is not at all improbable that the array will be so formidable that, in the absence of any petition upon the other side, the Convention will be inclined to grant the request, and the unconcerned wives and mothers will wake up some morning to find themselves required to add the problems of the State to their other problems, and the duty of independent and intelligent participation in voting to their other duties. If the women whose instincts lead them to anticipate with regret such an issue do not wish it forced upon them, it is time they were organizing in an anti-suffrage association and presenting a counter-petition. Otherwise they cannot complain if the Convention takes their silence to mean consent, and imposes on the sex a duty from which it has hitherto been exempt.

In our judgment, then, the women of this country can no longer treat the woman suffrage question with indifference. They can no longer regard it as the pet notion of a few impracticables, who afford a harmless entertainment to the public by a purely doctrinaire agitation. The question of woman suffrage is fast becoming, if it has not already become, a practical question. The anti-slavery crusade and the Civil War created in women an interest unfelt before in questions of state, and educated them to think thereon. The temperance agitation has continued this interest and awakened in many women a desire to vote; for they imagine—we think erroneously—that if they could vote to close the saloons the saloons would be closed. They forget that it would also be necessary for them to elect District Attorneys and Judges, and determine the complexion of juries, both grand and petit. The degradation of the schools, which have been made a means of political preferment, has added another element of fuel to this agitation by furnishing another motive to women to desire the suffrage. The desire is eager, earnest, enthusiastic, high-minded. And the women who do not believe that the advantages of woman suffrage would counterbalance the disadvantages, who treasure their present exemption and desire to be exempt in the future, or who have never really given the subject any serious consideration, are brought by the present condition of the problem to a point where they can continue their indifference no longer, but must seriously consider the issue for themselves and their daughters, and determine whether their influence shall be cast for or against the extension of the ballot. The time is already at hand when no influence is practically an influence in support of the movement.

Professor Robertson Smith

The death of Professor William Robertson Smith, last week, which came as a surprise to the many students of his books on this side of the Atlantic, was not an equal surprise to those upon the other side, for he had been for a considerable time in failing health. He was at the time of his death Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University; to this post he was elected after the severance of his connection with the Free Church College at Aberdeen for his advanced views on Biblical criticism. The history of his heresy anticipated and resembled, in the essential principles involved, the famous case of Dr. Briggs. Like Dr. Briggs, he was professor in a Presbyterian theological school; his theological opponents could not await the slow process of trial for heresy, and endeavored, as did the opponents of Dr. Briggs, to remove him by more summary process. The conditions were different in the two schools, and in the end the endeavor succeeded in Scotland and failed in America. The contrast is curious. Dr. Robertson Smith was in 1880 acquitted by the Scottish General Assembly, on the charges of heresy, by a vote of 299 to 292, though the acquittal was accompanied by an admonition to caution, but in 1881 he was removed from his chair by the Assembly without a trial; *per contra*, Dr. Briggs remains in his chair, thanks to the ecclesiastical and financial independence of Union Theological Seminary, although he has been convicted of heresy by the American General Assembly.

The views of the Old Testament held by both these eminent scholars are essentially the same. They deny the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and hold that substantially the entire Old Testament history is composed by an editing of previous documents, and contains much unhistorical matter. It is a curious and interesting illustration of the rapid progress of thought in even so conservative a body as the Free Church of Scotland that the views which

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fifteen years ago threatened to divide that Church, and are stamped as heretical by the American General Assembly, are now held by eminent clergymen in the Free Church of Scotland without hazard of reputation. They underlie the popular commentary on Genesis by Marcus Dods, who was tried for heresy but acquitted; and are incorporated by Dr. Bruce in his "Apologetics" in a form quite as radical as was suggested by either Dr. Robertson Smith or Dr. Briggs. The thorough scholarship of Dr. Robertson Smith, his devotion to the truth, his consecrated earnestness, and his constructive temper have never, we think, been called in question; on his trial the purely theological question, Is it legitimate for a Presbyterian minister to hold the modern view of the Old Testament as literature? was not mixed up with any personal or factional prejudices, as was the case, unfortunately, in the later American trial. There are no books in the English language better fitted to give the Bible student a clear and comprehensive idea of the Old Testament, as viewed by modern scholarship, in distinction from the traditional scholarship, than Dr. Robertson Smith's two admirable monographs, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church" and "The Prophets of Israel."

That such a man should have been put on trial by his Church, which ought to have honored his spirit and welcomed his investigations whether they accepted or rejected his conclusions, will always be a blot on the history of Scottish Presbyterianism, if not on that of English Protestantism.

Utilizing Our Failures

Every man or woman who feels the responsibility of making the best use of opportunities, and who has high standards of work, feels at times a great depression from a sense of falling below the level of occasions and of doing the worst when the occasion called for the best. It happens very often to such persons that, after the most thorough preparation, the performance falls lamentably below the aim and leaves behind it a sense of utter disappointment. This humiliation of spirit, which is the lot at times of all sensitive people who care more for their work than for themselves, may either become a source of weakness or a source of strength. It is the evidence of the divine possibilities of life that the defeats of to-day may be made the forerunners of the victories of to-morrow, and that the consciousness of failure may become in itself a new element of success. It was said of Peter the Great that he learned the art of war at the hand of his enemies, and that he was taught how to win victories by suffering a long and discouraging series of defeats. To say this of a man is to pay him the very highest tribute. As a student in the great school of life, it is to credit him with that openness of mind, that forgetfulness of self, and that absence of personal vanity which characterize the true learner in any field. For failure, if it comes through no fault of our own, drives us back upon our hold on ultimate aims. It makes us aware how variable and uncertain is our own strength, and it teaches us to rely, not upon ourselves, but upon the greatness of the things with which we identify ourselves. A great object persistently pursued has power to unfold a noble out of a very commonplace man or woman, and to develop an almost unsuspected strength out of a mass of weakness. The shocks to our pride drive us out of ourselves into the greatness of the causes which we espouse; and the defeats which we suffer, if we take them aright, confirm us in our loyalty to the things for which we fight. It is painful to fail when we have made every preparation to succeed; it is humiliating to produce an impression of weakness when we wish to make an impression of strength; but the supreme thing in life is to get our work done and to make the truth which we love prevail; and if the discipline of failure can be made to work for this end, it is a discipline neither to be dreaded nor to be avoided.

Editorial Notes

—New York City spends $4,000,000 on policemen, as against $3,400,000 on school-teachers. It is now proposed to increase the salaries of policemen.

—The International Medical Congress just begun in Rome has thousands of delegates in attendance. Who will question the health of Rome this winter?

—The three present-day euphemisms for the "world," the "flesh," and the "devil" are, said the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker lately, "society," "environment," and "tendency."

—Our friend "The Evangelist" notes the receipt of a letter from Rome, dated February 13, written by a "young man who that day entered his ninetieth year." Mr. David Dudley Field is this man of young heart and youthful imagination, and one envies him not more his opportunities at Rome than the vivid and vigorous power of enjoyment which he has retained.

—The "Morning Star" of Rockford, Ill., offered to the Ladies' Union Aid Society, a local philanthropic organization, the entire profits of one issue of the "Star," provided the work were wholly done on that issue by women without editorial experience. As a result the Society netted over $400, and the people of Rockford got an excellent paper.

—The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a bill giving municipal suffrage to women, but at the same time providing that the suffrage question must be submitted to the new electorate. If this curious bill becomes law, it will furnish the nearest approach to a referendum of the suffrage question to the sex most concerned; but as only the women who do vote will be polled as to whether they want to vote, the test is hardly a scientific one.

—It seems singular, but the popular demand for the tariff speeches delivered in Congress seems to be as great this year as heretofore, one hundred thousand copies of several speeches having been circulated. The present demand, however, does not, as heretofore, come chiefly from the country districts. It is perhaps worthy of note that upon this question, as upon the temperance question and the slavery question, the popular awakening was first in the "backwoods."

—It is a matter of sincere regret that Mr. Chanler, the last and youngest of African explorers, should have been compelled to turn back from Galla and Somali Lands, that vast region of ninety thousand square miles, bounded on the north by Cape Guardafui and the Abyssinian highlands, and on the south by the River Tana. Though for centuries trading ships have touched along the Somali coast, yet we have next to no knowledge about the interior uplands.

—The census bulletin on the National wealth states that the present average exceeds $1,000 a head, or $5,000 a family. As this is four times as great as at the beginning of this century, ex-Mayor Hewitt is reported to have urged that it is just that much easier for a poor man now to become rich than it was formerly. If men could become rich only by getting property which belongs to other people, the deduction would be correct; but we hardly think that ex-Mayor Hewitt would urge that people become rich in that way.

—The considerate way in which charity is often administered has been illustrated many times during the past winter, but we recall no more extraordinary illustration than that afforded by one charitable society which has been distributing free provisions. The wagons of this philanthropy (bearing its name conspicuously) drive up in front of a tenement-house and the driver roars out: "Flynn! Flynn! Come down and get your groceries." Very likely Flynn does not know that he is receiving charity until the neighborhood is thus apprised of it. If Flynn is pleased, it must be because he is proud of the rôle of pauper.

—While in many ways retrenchment is necessary at Washington, both in new legislation and in routine appropriations, we hope that the estimates for Indian education will not be disproportionately reduced. During the past seven years the increase in the number of pupils in Government and contract schools has been nearly fifty per cent.; and a still more remarkable fact is that this augmentation has been effected in the boarding-schools, which are, of course, far more expensive than day-schools; in addition, there are now twenty training institutions. For not only must the Indian child be taught to read and write and to speak English, but also how to work and live.

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Social Experiments in New Zealand

By A. G. Fradenburg

DURING its brief history as an English colony, New Zealand has, perhaps, seen more interesting experiments in State activity than any other country in the world. Some of these experiments are in the direction of State Socialism; more of them cannot be said to be Socialistic in the strict sense of the term, as they have been undertaken in order to aid and increase private enterprise. This growth in State activity has been due principally to the superior credit of the Government over individuals or companies. British capitalists were slow to advance funds to distant companies, but the credit of the Colonial Government has been excellent. The idea has also been prominent that the Government should undertake certain enterprises which could not promise to be remunerative at the start, but which were essential to the growth and development of the Colony. It has unquestionably been the prevalent opinion in New Zealand that the State is more than an organization for the purpose of government, and that it can properly undertake many enterprises which are commonly carried on by individuals. As a result, most of those industries which are included under the term "natural monopolies" are operated in New Zealand by the Colonial Government or by the municipalities. The State has also successfully been invoked to change social conditions by various means, especially by taxation. This extension of State activity is called by its opponents, in England and New Zealand, Socialism; its friends call it "Liberalism," or "New Liberalism." There has been no thought in New Zealand that they were really moving toward Socialism; much less has there been any conscious effort in that direction. Mr. Arthur Clyden, in a recent lecture before the National Liberal Club in London, said of this movement: "I should describe it as a supreme attempt by old-world victims of bad government to prevent a recurrence of the evils in their new homes by boldly radical legislation. . . . No taunt of 'grandmotherly legislation' for one moment deters them from the resolute exploitation of the strong arm of the law for their protection against every oppressive force, whether of capital or class interest." Sir Robert Stout, a leader in New Zealand politics, is of the opinion that "the strong individualistic wave" has spent itself, and that "the grand institution of the State could be, and ought to be, utilized for the uplifting of the race;" and he adds, "No one could stop the great wave of what they called 'Socialism' if they liked." Even Lord Onslow, who opposes this extension of State activity and calls it State Socialism, says: "The example of New Zealand shows us that the mere performance by the State of undertakings hitherto performed only by individuals, or associations of individuals, need cause neither private wrong nor public loss, so long as sound commercial principles are observed and full compensation given for injury."

In the early days of the Colony public works merely kept pace with spread of settlement, but in 1870 came the "public works and immigration policy," which provided for public works in advance of settlement. Under it about ten million pounds were borrowed from English capitalists and expended in the construction of roads and railroads in all parts of the Colony, the extension of telegraphic lines, the encouragement of immigration, the purchase of native lands, and the supply of water to the gold fields. The demand for railroads and public works caused the original proposals to be departed from, and a far greater sum was expended. Up to March 31, 1893, a total of £26,736,974 had been expended under this act. The expenditure on directly reproductive works has been £16,813,839. These works were not undertaken so much for the sake of gaining revenue as for social purposes. The construction of railroads by the Government is interesting in this connection. Up to 1872, when operations under the public works policy were commenced, there were but sixty-five miles of railways in operation. In 1893 the Government had in operation 1,886 miles of railway, constructed at a cost of about £7,812 per mile. This includes both the expenditure on lines built by the Government and the price paid for purchased lines. Many lines have been constructed by the Government for the purpose of opening up new territory, when it was certain that they must be operated at a loss for many years. Mr. Pilcher, Secretary of the Railway Commissioners, says: "The advancement of settlement, the opening up of new country and increase of its productiveness, the provision for the employment of large numbers, the cheapening of transit both for goods and passengers, and many other items, must all be reckoned as value obtained for the expenditure, in addition to the mere monetary returns; and if this is done, the net gain to the Colony, due to the public works policy, must be generally admitted."

The railroads, too, have yielded considerable revenue. The gross earnings for the year 1892–93 were £1,180,522; the net earnings were £449,830. At the present time there are but 150 miles of private railways in New Zealand. The expenditure for telegraphs and water-works in the gold fields has been made for similar reasons, and these works have yielded a fair profit to the Government, but they will be passed over in order to give space to some more novel, if not more interesting, experiments.

About two years and a half ago the Government established the Bureau of Industries, its object being to assist laborers in finding employment and to aid local industries. The central office is in the Government Building at Wellington, and in each of the large towns is a branch office. Police sergeants and constables act as agents in the rural districts, and are required to send regular reports to the central office regarding the requirements of workmen and employers. Any person can gain information as to wages, market, etc., in any part of New Zealand by paying a visit to any office of the Bureau. New arrivals in New Zealand can at once find where their services will be in most demand, and workmen out of employment can easily learn whether they can get work in another part of the Colony. This great Government employment bureau has done good service, and is looked upon as absolutely safe and reliable. Its services are offered free of charge. During the year from April 1, 1892, to March 31, 1893, the number of men put in the way of getting employment by the department was 3,874. During the first twenty-two months of its existence 6,467 men were assisted in finding work. When it is considered that the total population of New Zealand is less than seven hundred thousand, the great service done by this Bureau is manifest.

In 1869 the Legislature of the Colony provided for the establishment of the New Zealand Government Life Insurance Department. Prior to this time there had been numerous failures of foreign insurance companies, and residents of New Zealand had suffered heavily. The chief object of this Department was to provide absolute security for every policy. This security rests on the solid foundation of State credit, the Government guaranteeing full payment of all policies. The Department has from the first enjoyed remarkable prosperity. In August, 1893, the accumulated fund amounted to over two million pounds. All securities held by this Department are in New Zealand property, and the Department does no business outside of New Zealand. At the end of the year 1892 the Government Insurance Office had 30,316 existing policies, insuring a gross amount of £16,036,220.

Another public institution peculiar to New Zealand is the Public Trust Office, This was established in 1872, in order to secure a convenient recourse for persons in New

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Zealand and abroad who may desire to form trusts in the Colony, and also for the convenience of persons who may be unable or unwilling to undertake or continue the administration of trusts imposed upon them. The Colony guarantees against any loss from investments made in bad securities; it also guarantees against loss by delays in making the investment, and guarantees that the interest determined from time to time by order in Council shall be regularly and punctually paid. Mr. Warburton, who is at the head of this department, says: "The Public Trustee, in his official capacity, never dies, never leaves the country, and never becomes disqualified or involved in private difficulties or distrusted. It will thus be evident that, by his appointment as Trustee, the preparation of the numerous deeds, and the consequent expense, which might become necessary in the case of a private trustee, are altogether obviated."

The Government makes no attempt to gain revenue from the Public Trust Office. During the administration of the trust charges are made which are no more than sufficient to cover actual cost. It is the duty of the Public Trustee to administer intestate estates when relatives are unknown, or are known to reside outside of the Colony. As might be surmised from the advantages offered, the Public Trust Office is regarded as one of the most beneficial of public institutions. At the close of the year 1892 there were in the office 1,912 estates, with a value of £1,284,759.

In regard to land, New Zealand has introduced some interesting innovations, which are called Liberal or Socialistic according as they are approved or condemned. No person can purchase more than six hundred and forty acres in extent, if first-class land, or more than two thousand acres of second-class land. In addition to actual sale of land, real estate is let out by the Government on occupation with right to purchase, and by leases in perpetuity.

Under the tenure of occupation with right of purchase, land is held under a license for twenty-five years. At any time subsequent to the first ten years, and after having resided on the land and made improvements, the occupier can purchase the land, or can exchange his license for a lease in perpetuity. Under occupation with right of purchase, a rent of five per cent. on the cash price of the land must be paid yearly.

Lands held under the tenure of lease in perpetuity are leased for 999 years, subject to occupation and improvement. The holders of such lands are obliged to pay to the State an annual rental of four per cent. on the cash price of the land, this price being estimated anew every three years. Under these two methods of tenure much land is held by persons who would be unable to purchase it outright. These methods of tenure also secure to the State a part of the increment in value due to growth in population and public works improvement. Improvements by the occupier are not subject to this rent. These two tenures are, in fact, an application, in a modified form, of the proposals of Henry George.

Certain improvements for every year are insisted upon in order to prevent land under these tenures being held for speculation. In 1891 a land and income tax was substituted for the old general property tax. In addition to the ordinary land tax, which applies to all land, is a graduated land tax which is aimed at large holdings of land. This additional tax is not levied upon any land whose value, improvements deducted, does not exceed £5,000. The scale of graduation is ⅛*d.* on the pound on land values between £5,000 and £10,000, and there is ⅛*d.* in the pound additional for every £10,000 up to £50,000; then it is ⅛*d.* for each additional £20,000 up to the maximum of £210,000 and upwards, at which the extra tax stands at 1¾*d.* in the pound. It will at once be seen how heavily this tax presses upon large estates. It is the settled policy of the New Zealand Government to break up large estates. If the owner of an estate objects to the high valuation put upon his land by the assessor, he is allowed to name his own valuation. If the Government thinks his valuation too low, it gives him the option of consenting to pay taxes on the Government valuation, or selling his land to the Government at his own valuation. The Government has thus succeeded in breaking up many large landed estates which had been in existence long before its land policy was adopted. While it discourages large estates, the New Zealand Government encourages small holdings in a very positive way. A prominent example of this is the well-known provision for village settlements. The Government sets aside land for this purpose, and workingmen are encouraged to go in communities and settle upon it. The Government even advances small sums for the purpose of enabling settlers to profitably occupy their land, and no rent is charged for the first two years. Moreover, settlers are directed to districts where work is obtainable, so that they can support themselves while getting their farms in order, and can supplement their income from land by wages. Such settlements are divided into village allotments of not more than an acre each, and homestead allotments not exceeding one hundred acres each. The former class can be held under any kind of tenure desired. Homestead allotments are leased only in perpetuity at a four per cent. yearly rental on the value of the land. These village settlements have been a great success, both in point of the numbers who have taken advantage of the provision and in the revenue afforded the Government, not to mention the relief given to congested city districts. Recent figures show that 22,677 acres have been thus set apart, and advances of £24,625 made by the Government to settlers. The social effects of these settlements can hardly be exaggerated.

New Zealand is rich in mineral waters, whose medicinal virtues are widely known. In the celebrated Rotorua district the Government has erected a sanatorium and bathing establishment on its reservation of some fifty acres of the most desirable land. The preference is given in the Government sanatorium to those unable to stand the expense of hotels and private sanatoriums, and a low rate is charged such patients. When the sanatorium is not filled with such patients, others are admitted, but they are charged higher rates. The great object of this institution is to enable a class of persons who cannot afford to patronize private establishments to avail themselves of the treatment.

It has not been attempted herein to give a full account of social experiments in New Zealand; only certain representative classes have been given. The movement is, above all, a democratic one. The franchise in New Zealand is as free as in any country in the world. The Electoral Act of 1893 has extended the franchise to women of European lineage, and to the native women. The movement is still going on, and will no doubt increase. Already it has been decided to start four Government farms; and old-age pensions, civil-service pensions, a scheme for Government loans to farmers, and many other projects are under discussion. These experiments will be viewed with interest everywhere, whether or not the movement is commended.

Discoveries

By R. Owen

When one has traversed all Europe several times, one begins not to know it, and to make one's discoveries. I had heard this said; I doubted; then I tried for myself. After the great picture-galleries the little ones, after the vast cathedrals the parish churches, after the towns the villages and hamlets, after the Continent England. I ceased "breaking my journey at Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford;" I broke it where I pleased, at stations unnoted of Baedeker. In London I haunted old churches, alleys, dingy courts, as Mr. Besant says that only Americans do, and as Peter Corke in Miss Jeannette Duncan's clever book says that they do not. In town and country I was rewarded. I began not to know, then to make my discoveries. Of three I shall tell you.

I speak not of shops. Every *Américaine* has her Newfoundland among these, her finds of old silver, old furniture, old books; of milliners and dressmakers who skill

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not of the American accent and charge as to natives. I had my luck with these as do also my compeers, but I am not foolish enough to tell of them. Nor shall I take pride to myself for my discovery of Haddon Hall, though few have, as it were, unearthed it as I did, and learned its varied and inexhaustible charm in all weathers and seasons. But, as my very first success, I shall tell of Wick Episcopi.

It lies a mile or two beyond a large cathedral city's ugly suburbs, along a straight, unprofitable highway, where my comrade and I tramped discontentedly from sheer love of tramping, with grumbles at its paucity of cross-roads and stiles giving promise of field-paths. Presently a lane lent hope of better things, and one or two farm-houses, whose time-stained bricks were nearly hidden under the screen of flowering fruit-trees, led up to my first real English village, of the sort loved for years in Birket Foster engravings. There it nestled at the Park gates, a scant dozen of thatched cottages, black and white like Shakespeare's birthplace, each with its garden-plot gay with wallflower, primula, King Charles-in-the-Oak. A high farmer's cart stood in the little "No Thoroughfare" by the farthest house; under it lay a big, reliable-looking dog of the kind called, in the spelling-books and readers of two generations ago, English mastiff. Here he lingered still, then, not improved away nor developed into a newer, fashionabler breed. Against the white plaster wall of the cottage he was guarding, with the attention not demanded by his horse and trap, hung a large wicker cage of the right Birket Foster shape—you may see it in the illustrations to "We are Seven,"

> Their graves are green, they may be seen,
> The little maid replied,
> Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
> And they are side by side.

And really and truly it hung crooked! The picture was complete. As we stood in the delight of a dream fulfilled, the brown-coated, mottled-breasted captive within burst into loud, wonderful, rapturous song, passing the melody of all dicky-birds known to us in Pennsylvanian and New York woods. One thought of Siegfried and "Waldweben." We listened as long as he was graciously pleased to warble. We wondered, "What is he?" "What can he be?" and bowed our heads with shame when a fellow in a smock-frock grinned and said, "'Tis a thrush, Miss." We felt that we ought to have known, from Browning.

The lad showed us another way back across the Park—we should never have ventured upon it uninstructed—the great Minster tower visible before us for a guide; and as we went, we bragged volubly of what we had seen that spring morning, and referred to Saul, who, seeking his father's asses, found a kingdom. For had not we found a real old-time English village, with poetry-book cottages, a yokel, and a thrush?

Next, categorically, I place my discovery of Monk Twyshore, a vill or hamlet to which but five houses have been added since Harry the Eighth dissolved the monasteries. The cottages, which group themselves quadrangularly about the fragments of Abbey Church still remaining, were once occupied by the lay brethren of the Order. Few of the greater buildings remain, and these have sadly come down in the world. We were the only Americans who had ever visited Monk Twyshore. It was noised abroad that we were outlandish people of some sort—French, a report traceable to the postmistress had it. The butcher, for his part, cherished an inward assurance that we emanated from a continent which spelt its name with a capital A, for he made searching inquiries of us as to the opening possible for a likely flesher (as he called himself) in Australia, Africa, or America. We advised him to stick to Twyshore. We told him that we did not, in any quarter of the globe, know of another place where he could charge a shilling a pound for a leg of mutton with the hoof on, and that in his vocation it would be madness to woo Fortune elsewhere. For ourselves, we followed our own counsel, and stuck to Twyshore as long as we could; we gloried in our discovery; we said that no Americans, by our aid, should penetrate its monastic aisles and cells; that we should never recommend it. Indeed, conscientiously we could not; who but Miss Muriel Dowie would put up with the uncleanliness and *disagrémens* of the inn? We did not; we *could* not. Seasickness and a return voyage to home comforts would have been preferable. We found a hole to shelter us at night, and by day we billeted ourselves on such acquaintances as lived within a radius of seven miles. We lived in the woods and fields, helped the cottagers rake hay, drank tea in the hay-field, and became close friends with the village calves, which, as in the old German mark system, were penned together in one fold, and, being accustomed to their owners coming twice a day with pails of milk to feed them, grew used to humans, and were affable and even pleasantly demonstrative to all. Does it sound Arcadian? The half has not been told, lest, in spite of the uncleanly inn, the too exploratory American enter and spoil my paradise. There was cream that, like one's great-grandmother's brocades, would stand alone; there was air like champagne; there were great, luscious honey-blobs in the Vicarage garden which fairly begged to be plucked; there was a pump with a pedigree, at which a well-known novelist has drunk; there were legends—but I hold my pen.

And, last, I found an unrestored church.

Now, to the unsophisticated traveler, well posted in fiction and illustrated Christmas numbers, this might seem an easy find, one unworthy the name of Discovery, almost *le secret de Pulchinelle*. But we knew better, when search after search showed churches in such promising quarters as far Cornwall and the Borderland odious with new benches, shiny green and yellow encaustic tiles, dapper brasswork. Sometimes we found gravestone-paved aisles, such as Mr. Baring-Gould's "Red Spider" tells of, but the high pews were gone. Once we found high pews (with pegs inside for broad-brimmed Cavalier hats), but the chancel was torn out, the old hatchments and tablets were displaced, and "restoration" had set in with its usual severity. Finally we gave up the search, reviled Fate in good set terms for having been brought into the world half a century too late, and longed every Sunday to hurl Prayer-Books at the pseudo-archæological vicars who, while pretending to bring back the early condition of their churches, had destroyed their historical continuity.

And, by chance, one September morning, in order to avoid a confessedly modern St. Aldhelm's, we wandered by leafy ways to an old St. Mary's, hoping nothing. The exterior, though gray and beautiful, raised no expectations; exteriors are not very grievously tampered with since Sir Jeffrey Wyattville went to his account. Inside—well, I could have sung or said the hymn Te Deum alone and before the right place in the service, for there were high sheep-pen pews (covered with armorial bearings, too! a joy never looked for), old black-oak benches for the village folk, hatchments on the walls, brasses, neither new nor shiny, in the floor; and, partly in the nave, partly in the chancel, a huge sort of opera-box, the Squire's pew. A frieze of coats of arms surmounted it; below ran a carved legend of the family honors, above floated the banner of the house, and within, with no apparent pride, no air of thanking God that he was not as other men, sat the Squire, the lord of the manor, whose historic name is held in reverence wherever it is spoken. One forgot one's bringing-up and quite longed to drop a curtsy to him when, like Sir Roger de Coverley, first of the little flock, he left the church.

There was but one blemish to the *mise en scène*, and that, one regrets to record, is attributable to Lord ——, who, in memory of his wife, has substituted a mere fine modern organ for the Thomas Hardy choir of bassoon, fiddle, and clarionet which befits such a church. As we lingered in the churchyard after the congregation had dispersed, noting how

> the sheädes did creep
> Below the Zunday steeple, round
> The mossy stwones that love cut deep
> Wi' neämes that tongues noo mwore did sound,

the curate, recognizing us as strangers, addressed a meteorological remark, and followed it up by a half-apology for

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the antiquated condition of the building, and expressed a fervent hope that "restoration" would soon be begun.

The Gifts of the Wise

By Julia Ward Howe

Let me go in with the kings
To the presence of God most high.
Their girdles are full of precious things
As they royally pass me by.

Each, as he went, let fall
A jewel in my hand,
But the alms they flung were poor and small
To the boon I would command.

I lay on the stones without,
I clamored at the door;
They've given me gifts of nought, of nought:
The presence I covet more.

Out from the heavenly court
Came a sentence sweet and strong:
"Only to those of high report
The presence doth belong.

"And one did give thee a heart
For the bauble in thy breast,
That might in holy life take part
With impulse pure and blest.

"And one did give thee an eye
In the universe to see
The laws that it was fashioned by,
And how they all agree.

"And one did give thee an ear
For doctrine lofty and deep
Of how man's spirit without fear
May pass from the mortal sleep.

"When each surpassing boon
Thou takest as it was given,
In their fit use thou'lt find full soon
The master-key of heaven."

The Story of a Coffee-Pot

The silver coffee-pot of which I am asked to tell the history must have been made nearly a century ago. It has the "sterling" mark upon it, and was counted a very comely and elegant gift when it was bestowed upon the mistress of a newly established household in a small town of southern New England some seventy-five years since. It was for the adornment of a young Congregational minister's table that this coffee-pot had been given; and the mistress of that table (a bride of the year 1815), however proud of the gift and however grateful for it, must have had, I think, an uneasy sense—growing from year to year—that this choice bit of silver smacked too strongly of the pomps and vanities of life for the modest table of a minister whose whole stipend was seven hundred dollars a year.

So it happened that, in one of those whirls of religious enthusiasm which used to attend the meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (before yet discord had crept into those assemblages), and when the ready money was lacking to the young mistress for such a gift to missions as she felt moved to bestow, she bethought herself of the idle silver in the coffee-pot upon her table. What if she were to give this? The thought blazed up into quick decision; and she placed it in the hands of the Church Committee on Missions—a free-will offering—on the sole condition that the ladies of the parish would fill it with silver pieces for the same charity. The well-to-do people of the church could not refuse such a challenge from the young minister's wife.

We may well believe that, as she set it before her for a last polishing, there may have come to her a little Eve-like yearning for its goodly shape and show. Howsoever this be, it went out, with its overflowing burden of silver, to the Board, who were the richer by six hundred dollars for the gift. This success, heartily and gratefully acknowledged, doubtless put a new and engaging shimmer upon the old britannia-ware which came now to supplant the silver urn upon the minister's table, and possibly there may have been a new unction to the reading of that promise from Ecclesiastes: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Certain it is that many days did not pass before the silver coffee-pot came back to the manse—a gift to its mistress from the wealthiest man of the parish. By what quiet and kindly legerdemain this surprise was prepared and exploited for the occupants of the parsonage I cannot say, nor is there need to say. Thereafter, for ten years or more, it shone with new polishings and with the old story of its charities, and bubbled every morning with its fragrant beverage, until Death stayed the hand of the mistress and closed the house—from which the young minister had gone before. They sleep together in a graveyard on a hill which looks down upon the roofs and gardens of their old parish.

But a silver coffee-pot outlasts life upon life. At the closing of the parsonage it went out from it as an heirloom with the eldest daughter of the house; who, within five years, became a bride, a mother, and a tenant of the same graveyard upon the hill where the father and mother had been laid to rest. For at least two years out of those five the silver urn had bubbled upon the breakfast-table of this younger mistress, and had shone with newer polishings and the old stories of its charities.

Thereafter it was religiously kept by older hands for the future service of the young granddaughter; sometimes in closet, sometimes in bank, maybe, but always bright with its old story. And this came to a rebrightening when some influential friend, who knew of its past offices, and how to tell of them effectively, bore it off to Philadelphia (at some meeting of a Missions Board there), where the tale of its old offices, and perhaps the appealing look of the urn itself, won for the cause a new heaped-up pile of silver pieces, aggregating some five hundred dollars.

From the date of this good service as an object-lesson our coffee-pot remained quietly in the possession of the granddaughter of the original owner (who had been mistress of the parsonage), until the opening of the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago suggested to her a new charitable foray for missions. It was, I believe, in some one of the upper offices of the Woman's Building at the Chicago Fair that the coffee-pot, by the agency of friendly hands, was placed anew on charitable duty. And there, amidst that hurly-burly of the nations, with modest position and modest placard setting forth its record and its appeal, a goodly sum of something between one and two hundred dollars was gathered in.

From this Western counter-march of helpfulness our coffee-pot came back again to its quiet Eastern home upon the table of the granddaughter. And she—moved, maybe, by a little of that Puritanic distaste for the shows and vanities of life which had characterized the grandmother in her minister's manse—offered to make a gift of the cherished heirloom to a cousin (another granddaughter) on condition that the new owner should fill it with silver coin for a home charity in which both were interested. And this challenge, like the earlier one of the first quarter of the century, was straightway accepted, and a score of four hundred and seventy-five silver dollars was packed in the urn and poured from the urn to aid in equipping a new free hospital (built by a wealthy philanthropist of the region), which looks down upon fields and meadows where the original owner—the mistress of the parsonage—played when a child. And within a home near by, our coffee-pot,

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new-polished, and giving out from time to time its old delightful breakfast aromas, shines upon a new table, waiting for some new errand of mercy.

D. M.

A Burnt-Over Claim in Minnesota

By William F. Gibbons

Between the wheat-producing belt of the Northwest and the virgin forests lies a strip of territory which is no longer valuable as timber country and which is not yet valuable as farming land. As the country fills up and the settlers move further back from the railroads, this strip of territory is continually receding from the first settlements and advancing towards the falling forests. This is the Burnt-over District.

Does the name seem to put the matter too strongly? Of course not every individual acre has been burned over during the same year; but there are marks of fires, remote or recent, on every section of land. Fires that were intentional and that were accidental; that made losses for the lumbermen and that prepared the way for the settlers. Fires that left whole dense thickets of jack-pines a mass of charred and fallen trunks, and fires that killed acres of young poplars, birches, and undergrowth, and prepared the whole for the plow, after one more fire to burn the dead and dried trunks which the first fire had killed. Fires that burned great holes into the turf which forms the basis for the swamp-grass in the lowlands, and left nothing but the white sand where there had been rich meadows and haystacks the year before. Fire is the settler's best friend and his worst enemy. Without its aid it would be almost impossible for him ever to clear his land of the thick undergrowth. But, on the other hand, most of the losses of crops, implements, and even live stock come from fires. Every house, sawmill, and haystack has its fire-break, and yet hardly a claim is without some blackened heap which represents the destruction of high hopes, slow savings, and heart-breaking toil.

It is almost impossible to keep one's clothes and person clean in this burnt-over district. The resin of the pine, mixed with the soot and ashes, makes a tarry compound which soap and water leave practically untouched. As you ride along the narrow trails the burned branches strike you, leaving indelible smutches. If you dig in the earth, or even throw yourself on the dry, sandy ground, there is enough carbon in the composition of the soil to leave hands and clothes marked with black.

This is the condition of things when the homesteader takes up his quarter-section. Most of the valuable timber has disappeared down the swollen streams in the spring in the log-drives, when the lumbermen, with cant-hook and peavie, hurry the logs into the rivers and booms of the lumber company. What timber is left is of an inferior quality.

The settler builds his cabin of the best of the timber which remains, and proceeds to clear up by starting more fires to get rid of superfluous wood. When he has cut away the timber that is above ground, he must begin with the same ax, as his most useful agricultural implement, to cut the roots of the stumps before his home-made stump-puller can begin operations. At the beginning of the second season his entire space of cleared land will not extend over a larger area than he can dig with the mattock. "Fat pine" roots rot but slowly, and it is not until several seasons have passed that it becomes possible to put the plow into the midst of what was once a piece of heavy timber.

Of course there are some localities where the timber was not heavy, where the largest stumps left after the fires are not more than four or six inches in diameter. Here the ordinary heavy prairie plow, drawn by two yoke of oxen, is used for breaking up the soil.

It is out of the question, for the first few years, for the homesteader to support his family from the tiny plot he is able to clear. He is, therefore, obliged to find some other means of feeding his flock besides what he can do in the way of grubbing a living out of the stumpy soil. For this purpose most of the men go further into the woods to work for the lumber companies during the winter or early spring, or else they go to "Dakoty" for the wheat harvest, which comes late in the season, after most of the work which must be done on the claims is over. By this means the settler obtains enough ready cash to buy some necessities, but not many luxuries.

One natural product of the soil, for which there is always a market, is the hay from the meadows. During the winter and spring these meadows are entirely under water, and to the eyes of the stranger are not to be distinguished from the numerous lakes. In the bed of such a swamp the grass grows thick and sweet during the short summer. If the season should chance to be a rainy one, and the meadow should backslide into a lake again, the method of harvesting the crop is peculiar. As much of the grass as projects above the water-level is cut, by hand of course, then piled on a litter made of poles, and carried by two men to the solid ground to be cured and stacked.

Minnesota used to have a reputation as a resort for consumptives. Whether this reputation is deserved or not is not to be discussed. But I have seen an ex-consumptive, who was also an ex-soldier, who had been brought into the woods on a bed to locate his claim in order that his prospective widow, when she came to "prove up," might have the advantage of counting to her credit the time he had spent in the army—I have seen this man wading about in a swampy hay-meadow, wet nearly to the waist, with no signs of consumption.

These hay-meadows are often fringed with tamarack-trees, or even covered with them. The roots of the tamarack lie flat and spreading, just below the surface of the water, each tree helping to support its neighbor. To clear the swamp, the trees are toppled over one after another and dragged to the shore. Here the trunks, which are almost of equal diameter at the butt and the top, are sawed off and marketed, while the stumps are ranged side by side, like enormous dismantled umbrellas, as fences to protect the swamp from invasion.

A large part of the living of the family comes out of the woods rather than from the soil. Where the forest fires have raged, birds and game do not abound. But the streams and lakes swarm with fish of the finest quality. In the woods wild fruits are found in profusion. Where the underbrush is not too thick, wild strawberries cover the ground. One may ride for miles at a stretch through the clearings and never get away from the pungent scent of ripe strawberries. In the burnt-over district you may sit down to every meal in strawberry season and find strawberries on the table. Perhaps, in some cases, you will be served with nothing else. But the strawberries do not last long, while the red raspberries and blueberries last most of the short summer. Wherever the bark, chips, and waste from the sawmills have been thrown the red raspberries flourish. The bushes do not grow very tall, because of the severe winters, which kill any branches that project above the snow-line. Wherever the jack-pine grows, there will the blueberry be found; not by the quart, but by the bushel. For weeks the children of the settler's cabin are kept busy picking berries for daily consumption and for sale, as well as for drying for winter use. The Indians bring the blueberries to shipping-points along the railroads in every conceivable sort of vessel, even tying their blankets and other indispensable articles of clothing into bags for the transportation of the berries to the warehouses of the commission merchants.

The settlers eat such food because, in many cases, they have nothing else to eat; but the soul of the lumberman and the man who wields a mattock loathes such light food as bass and blueberries, venison and strawberries, and will not be comforted except he be fed on bacon. The man who handles wet slabs all day long, or feeds a gang of hungry saws, capable of turning the largest log into twenty-four or thirty-two boards in a few seconds, comes naturally by a big appetite. There is, perhaps, no employment in the world which fosters the digestion of an

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ostrich to such a degree as working amid the sour sap of saw-logs. Not Dickens's "Fat Boy" nor big "John Ridd" ever ate more enormously than does the average lumberman.

So long as the homesteader works for the lumber company, he can gratify his voracious appetite at the table of the lumber-camp or *waugan*. (*Waugan* is French-Canadian for shanty-boat.) But when he comes back to his claim, he finds the berries and buttermilk but insubstantial diet. I have dined with a man who was "baching it," who had been without animal food or butter for several days, and who hungrily devoured biscuits which showed great brownish-green freckles from an overdose of soda, thickly spread from a pail of lard which he had purchased in honor of my arrival.

The conscience of the average settler is not more sensitive than his stomach. According to his code of ethics, the eighth commandment was promulgated before the Northern Pacific Railroad was built or the Declaration of Independence signed, and hence it has nothing in the world to do with "timber trespassing." He would not steal a tree from his neighbor, of course, even though its value was small; but if he should be hard up, as he generally is, and the section of land next his own belong to a soulless corporation, or to that intangible thing which is called "the Government," he does not hesitate to cut a tree here and there, nor to sell them back to the railroad company which already owns them.

Just as soon as the homesteader gets anything that he can call his own, he begins to mortgage. Everything is mortgaged: his land, of course; his horse, if he has one; his wagon, harness, and plow; his ox—often ox, not oxen—for the "nigh ox" has a habit of getting mired in the swamps, held down by tamarack-roots, and so dying to slow music; his ass, still more likely to be in the singular number, for a pair of mules is away beyond his "pile." Even the chickens are mortgaged. Then, a few years later, when the inexorable interest has defaulted, and the well-dressed mortgage-broker, with his spanking livery team, has driven out from the county town for the last time, bringing the notice of foreclosure, what wonder that the improvident settler grows pessimistic? It is his own fault, no doubt; but then the family had to be fed.

While the shortcomings of the settler are being recited, it is well enough to mention his wastefulness. One young timber-ranger who had lost himself in the woods at night in winter, at last happened on a deserted lumberman's camp. Instead of taking the trouble to build a fire in one of the cabins, he wrenched the door from its fastenings for a bed, set fire to the building, and lay basking in the heat of the flames until they died down and he grew cold. Then he fired another cabin.

The pioneers in every State have hard work, no doubt, but the men who undertake to make farming land out of what was once "big timber country" must surely have the heaviest work of all. Here are the gigantic stumps of the white pines on the uplands, the moldering beaver-dams along the streams, the tangle of tamaracks encumbering the hay-meadows, the charred jack-pines on the ridges, the forests of young hard-wood timber on the shores of the lakes, the thickets of brushwood on the levels, and the snow-storm of poplar-trunks and birch-branches in the valleys. All these must be cleared, burned, leveled, pried up by the roots, before the owner gets down to his farm.

But his imagination and his faith in the country and in his claim are simply touching. He must have a vivid imagination to be able to call the worst possible stump-and-gopher-hill combination a "Government road," because, forsooth, a military scout once rode over the uncorduroyed trail during the last Indian outbreak. He must have large faith in his county-seat to be able to see the commercial metropolis of his section of the State in its straggling stores and dusty streets, with their hard choice between sand and sawdust. He has large faith in his claim, too; and, truly, when one sees how it will raise garden-truck, it is no wonder he believes in the fertility of the soil. Beans and onions abound—especially onions. The breath of every man, woman, and baby in the entire burnt-over district smells of onions, from about the first of July until—well, until the crop is consumed.

The woods are first prepared for cultivation by fire, but nature is very kind, and, when the fires go out, the scars of the burnt-over district are soon healed with vivid green. In the lakes there are not acres, but square miles, of pond-lilies; the deeper swamps are covered with the creamy tassels of the wild rice; the meadows are flaming with the orange and scarlet bracts of the painted-cups; the bottom-lands are overgrown with thickets of wild roses, and even the dry sand-banks are gorgeous with scarlet lilies. All these fade, but the substantial wheat and clover fields which succeed them come to stay.

"Gone Wrong"

A Political Character-Study

By Duffield Osborne

It was about 4 P.M. Two men occupied one of the many small tables at a café frequented by politicians. One was tall and slender, with delicate features, wherein the aristocratic type of face was accentuated into a nervous hardness not uncommon among well-bred New Yorkers who live active lives. His clothes were quiet, and bore unmistakable signs of a Fifth Avenue origin. The man who sat opposite was short and thick-set—words that describe him generally and in detail, even to his fingers and mustache. His face was coarse, but frank and by no means bad-natured. His dress was too conspicuous for good taste, but furnished an appropriate background for his diamonds and watch-chain. Both men were about thirty-five years of age. As for me, I could not help overhearing their conversation, for I sat at the next table waiting for Rand, who is always late in keeping appointments.

"What's the good of tryin' to defend such a sneak, anyhow? You know he fooled us from the first chance we gave him."

"Yes, I know it; but it was really more my fault than his. I had been with him for six years at college and law-school, and I had no business to let you nominate him."

"Well! *You've* been to college, haven't you? and *you* ain't gone back on your party yet? What's that got to do with it?"

"You don't understand. Dudley was always a sort of crank, and I knew it. He started out as an independent; but when the tariff issue was fairly formed, and he came in and enrolled, and told me that he believed in the platform, and that it was the duty of every good citizen to take an active part in politics, why, I thought he'd outgrown his foolishness and learned to look at things as they are, and as a man must nowadays. All I say now is that, in spite of everything, I won't believe it was a case of selling out, as you think."

"What else would I think? Look here; when a man's elected by one party and then votes with the other on a party question, he's a liar and a traitor, an' he knows it; an', what's more, he don't do it fer nuthin'. I asked the editor of 'The Messenger' this mornin', straight, how much his vote cost them; an' he jest grinned.—Say! I wouldn't mind addin' the figures to my pile."

The short man's face was getting red, and the tall man looked at him with a hopeless expression, like an American in a French restaurant who finds himself all at sea with the waiter. After a pause, the latter said, slowly:

"I wish I could put you in his place, just for a moment; so that—"

"Not at all! If any man can ever say that I—"

"No, no; I only meant, so that you could understand his point of view. You see, he's one of those chaps who have read and thought until they've formulated certain ideas about politics—all very well in themselves, but unadaptable to present conditions. The result was that,

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when the leaders mapped out our party policy with regard to the canal bill, he kicked over the traces."

"That's it! Didn't he go into caucus, an' then bolt the programme?"

"Certainly, and I spent two hours in this very room trying to make him see his obligation. He took the position that the benefit of the bill was, in his opinion, less than problematical, and that it entailed a big expense on the State for the perfectly apparent purpose of giving positions to political workers. I asked him whether the benefit and future success of the party ought not to be considered by the men it had put in office, and he replied that he didn't believe any such grab-game *could* result in permanent good to the party, and that, at any rate, the party to which he considered himself bound was an aggregation of governmental theories (one of which was economy), and not merely a band of men whose personal interests were to be mutually advanced at any cost."

"That sort of cant makes me tired. How did he squirm out of the caucus business?"

"He merely said that, when he went into caucus, he had supposed it was called in order that a comparison and discussion of views might lead to united party action, in accordance with the platform obligations; that, if this had been the case, he would have supported any measure adopted that did not involve a violation of his oath of office; and that, if this *were* involved, he would feel it his duty to resign, on the theory that the views of the party had changed, and he was no longer in accord with the people who had elected him—"

"Why *didn't* he resign, then?"

"I'm coming to that. He told me that, when he got into the caucus, he found that nearly all of those composing it were bound hand and foot by orders which they dared not disobey—orders received from persons in whom the voters had reposed no trust, who were entirely irresponsible, and who, to-day, probably couldn't be elected ward constables. He said that the whole thing was a subterfuge, that his views could have no possible weight, even though he might convince every man there; and, finally, that, as he refused to take orders directly from so-called leaders, he failed to see how he could be in honor bound to take them indirectly."

"Well, *I* have nothin' to say. I suppose he pretends he wasn't bought up to vote against unseatin' Smith, when we only needed one vote to give us a workin' majority in the Assembly."

Again the tall man smiled hopelessly.

"Well, all he said on that point was that the evidence showed that Smith had received a majority of the ballots, that on such a question each member of the Assembly sat in a judicial capacity, and that to unseat, for political reasons, a man who'd been fairly elected, was wholesale ballot-box stuffing, pure and simple."

"Maybe he thought he was the only man who had a conscience, when all his party but him voted straight, an' all the other fellers voted the other way."

"He seemed in a curious frame of mind when he came down to the city the Saturday after that vote. I tried to talk to him about it, but he was actually dazed—told me that half a dozen of his colleagues admitted to him that Smith had been fairly elected beyond a doubt, and then went straight into the Assembly chamber and voted to unseat, and afterwards cursed him for not doing the same. I called his attention to the fact that last year our adversaries voted just as unanimously to unseat enough of our men to give *them* a working majority—in short, that such matters were admittedly decided now by strictly party votes; and he looked solemn as an owl, and said he supposed he should have realized that it was inconceivable that all Republicans should honestly think one way and all Democrats should honestly think the other on a question of fact; but being right on the spot and seeing it done, without a pretense of fairness or decency, had been like knocking him down with a club. What was the use of the people voting at all, he said, if such things were tolerated; and that it made his blood boil, until he found it hard to comprehend why men did not rise up and bury the barefaced scoundrels who pretended to represent them under the ruins of the Capitol."

The short man's face was a study of unspeakable contempt.

"And the joke of it was," continued the speaker, "that, just as he had worked himself up to a fine state of indignation over my remark that I thought he'd find few men, in politics or out, who agreed with him except theoretically, along came old Ransom, of Ransom, Decker & Ransom, arm in arm with Bliss, the banker. 'Here are two gentlemen of family, wealth, and education,' I said, 'whom I wouldn't advise you to try your ideas on.' Ransom shook hands warmly with me, and bowed coldly to Dudley. As he turned to pass, Bliss said something, and we both heard Ransom reply: 'Nor I either. I have no use at all for men who can't stand by their colors!' Gad! I was really sorry for Dudley. 'God help us!' he exclaimed, 'if you're right in your estimate of people.'"

"That's it. Those fellers seem to think if the world don't think as they do, it's goin' straight to perdition. Give me a party man who stands by his friends through thick an' thin. None of yer mealy-mouthed, lyin' reformers like Black, fer instance. What does yer friend think of *him* fer company?"

"I joked him about Black the other day."

"What did he have to say?"

"Why, he very frankly admitted all I charged: that Black was a man of the 'know-it-all' type, who'd been born with a gold spoon in his mouth and earned a reputation for brains and honesty and firmness out of nothing, and without ever having been really tried in either direction. He explained his taking his commissionership on the ground of love of authority and notoriety; and considered his adoption of the reform rôle as a crude idea which he found it easy and advantageous to drop into and think he believed in, but which he wasn't strong enough to stand by when political pressure was brought to bear. To tell the truth, Dudley was even more severe than you or I, and went so far as to claim that one of the main evils our political system had to face was the weakness, selfishness, and insincerity of those who pose as independents and reformers. I will say this much for him, that he never said a word which led me to imagine he thought he had a mission to straighten out the world. If he *had*, I should have been saved my share of the blunder of sending him up there."

"He deceived us. That's why *I'm* sore."

"Don't be too hard on him. In my opinion, the whole trouble is simply freshness. It has hurt us badly, and I don't blame the boys for being indignant; but I still think the man sincere in his views, and perhaps—"

"How are you, old man; I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you waiting!" exclaimed Rand. "Won't you speak to me?"

He had reached the table without my noticing him, and I heard no more of my neighbor's conversation—at least not connectedly.

Perhaps I would not have thought of it again, but a paragraph about Dudley in the paper this morning recalled it to my memory. It was on the subject of his being blackballed last week at one of the best clubs in the city, and took occasion to revert to his career in the Assembly two years ago; to the fact that his course there had deprived him of the confidence of men of both parties, and that grave charges of selling out had been hinted at pretty broadly. The paragraph ended with the statement that probably the worst that could be proved against Mr. Dudley was that he was an impracticable crank, entirely unfitted for legislative duties; but that it was easy to understand why a select club might have objections to receiving a man whose character had been so broadly smirched. And this paper was an organ of the party whose minority rights had been upheld by Dudley's vote! Of those who know of him, twenty-five out of a hundred think he's a knave; twenty-five think he's an ass; and the other fifty don't trouble their heads about it, but, if asked, would admit the probable correctness of one or both suppositions.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was sitting in a café waiting for his breakfast to be brought to him, when a young woman passed his chair and seated herself at a table near, facing him. When the waiter came for her order, she called, with no apparent consciousness or effort, for a "cocktail," and, receiving it, sat sipping the decoction contentedly, as one to whom the "fiery glass" was not new. The Spectator, being of a somewhat conservative turn of mind, was horrified. On closer examination of the young woman, he recognized, under the hard lines carved on her face, a certain prettiness and what might have been more or less refinement. It would save much time and strength if, when questions are raised in the mind, one might go straight to the being provoking the query, saying: "Now why on earth did you do such a thing?" In this case, with such a course obviously impossible, the Spectator sought outside information, and received it in this form: "Oh, she's right enough—sits up late on newspaper work, you know, and needs a 'pick-me-up' in the mornings. A little rough, perhaps—that kind of life toughens a woman, of course; but there's no real harm in her, and there are lots like her. A woman must earn her living somehow. American girls like to be independent."

❀

Independent! The Spectator began to think. After all, are we swinging too far? Yet surely the freedom which is as a birthright to every American girl is a beautiful heritage. That popular sentiment has made it safe for our girls to pass through the streets of New York alone after dark is a tremendous gain; and it is popular sentiment only, not the police force of a city, that can render this possible. "The other day, or rather night," said a young woman to the Spectator, "I missed the train by which I was expected to arrive, and reached New York alone in the darkness. I took a passing car, feeling safer in a crowd than alone in a cab, but I was obliged to walk a few blocks at the other end of my journey. I met with no adventures, no rudeness of any kind, save from—a policeman, who was walking in my direction. Seeing some rather rough-looking men ahead of me, I spoke to the officer, telling him I had missed my train, and—I got no further. Whether from incompetence or impertinence, his manner was such as to make me flee toward the very men I had wished his protection against. I had learned my lesson. I am entirely safe in the streets of New York—barring the police."

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Now, whether the young woman was or was not right in her deductions concerning the police force, she was correct in her conclusions as to her actual safety. We see our girls traveling from Dan to Beersheba alone, yet almost if not quite as safe as in their own homes. We feel that all this is most delightful and as it should be; but has Una her lion in such subjection that it is now only a protection on her way through the world? It is one thing to enjoy freedom, but freedom will no more stand abuse than the kingly lion. Whether that abuse is creeping in is becoming a most serious question in the mind of the Spectator. Not long ago a party of young girls, all of them belonging in protected homes, and having no excuse in personal stupidity or lack of delicacy, came to the Spectator in gales of laughter telling of an experience they had been so fortunate as to enjoy in a police station—not in New York—on a Saturday night. "What *were* you doing there?" exclaimed the Spectator. "Oh, a city official [a social magnate, by the way] had taken them for a lark." They had seen some tipsy men "run in," and some women, one a negress with powdered face and painted cheeks. She had been dragged in swearing horribly, but of her they had seen no more, as the Inspector had shouted, "Take the ladies away, sir," and they had been bundled off the scene of action into an inner room. The Spectator's comment can be imagined. This was, of course, an extreme case of imprudence, but is it anything unusual to hear nowadays of "slumming parties"? And those women who make a part of them seem to come home curiously unsoiled by the diversion. Una, Una, can the leash of your purity stand such strains!

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In what manner all this liberty strikes an alien eye was shown the Spectator lately in a talk with a charming Frenchwoman, to whom such conditions came as a revelation. "Your system is freshness itself," she said, "and is beautifully natural, but, as a consequence, I find you a people singularly crude in your morality and equally crude in your sins." The critic being one who spoke with the authority of a keen-witted Parisian versed in, and a part of, the literature, life, and politics of the Old World, the Spectator listened with respectful interest, asking further, "Then you find our Western ethics differing widely from your Old World standards?" The lady raised her hands, her shoulders, her eyebrows. "Differing! Let me tell you of an Old World mother of many sons, who said to me once: 'My boys shall visit every capital of every country save Paris—not Paris. Sin is too pretty there.' She was indeed right; for there is no grossness on the surface of vice in Paris. The greater the wickedness within, the more refined, the more delicate, is the outward appearance. I do not see, for instance, how it is possible that the play of 'Camille' can be understood in America, where vice has so obvious a stamp of grossness. This is a good sign for your country, undoubtedly, very good, and it is unquestionable also that there is great beauty in the simplicity of your morality; but do you not see that this very crudity has one serious defect? It makes you draw your line of morals much less severely than we."

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The Spectator started. He had been preening his patriotic feathers, it seemed, unnecessarily. "As a nation, I have always thought we held a high place in comparative morality," he answered, with warmth. "You are a moral people—a very moral people," was the polite rejoinder. The Spectator was not satisfied. "What is it you criticise in our morality?" he asked, "for something you are criticising. I beg that you will tell me what it is." "If I may without offending, I will. You, as a people, strike me as having too fixed an idea of evil. When I say you do not understand any subtlety of sin, or of virtue, I think I express my meaning. You call *this* definitely white—*that*, defined black; you know no middle gray. Now, in France we recognize that there is a gray; and where do we class it? Why, with the black. This gray, although by you unrecognized, I find among you as among us; but where? Left with the white! There is one phrase which I have heard over and over in America, always with new surprise. 'Such a thing,' you say, 'is not *good*, but then there is no real sin in it.' Now, what *does* that mean? That you wait for the white to become deep black before you classify it? Your national idea of sin is as I have said—a fixed idea. With us, real sin, as you term it, has no fixed line. To leave the pure white by a shade is to be classed with the black. Your white shades down into gray. Our black tones up to gray. That is the difference. Our color-scheme may be cruel upon the gray, but yours strikes me as in the highest degree dangerous for the white. Do I make myself plain?"

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The Spectator thought of the "cocktail" in the café. "Entirely so," he said. "The freedom accorded to American women makes such strict classification impossible; but let us look beyond at the results. Some years ago, after a term spent in Germany and France, I came home, and, as I walked up and down the streets, could not keep my eyes from the faces of our girls for very pride in them. I had been for so long seeing only the dovelike, downcast eyes of the German girls, or the demure archness of the French girl's glance, that—pardon this flapping of the American eagle—I could think only of an eagle's eyes as I watched our girls passing by me. They returned my rather persistent gaze with no shrinking, yet no boldness, so wholly able to look full at any man and keep their own poise that I thrilled with national pride in them." The Frenchwoman shook her head. "Yes," she said, "that is just what I meant when I called the naturalness of your women beautiful; but let me quarrel with your word—results. Your girls are not as yet a result, but only factors in the great American problem, yet *unsolved*."

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The Home

The Mission of the Inanimate

The season for the general disorganization of the family life, and the reign of the brushes, brooms, and pails, is upon us. The ordeal must be endured, and might as well be met with calmness, at least outwardly. It is a pity that, at the time of the year when even in the city outdoor life is attractive, the home must present its least attractive phase for a greater or shorter period. Doubtless every practical housekeeper, when she begins house-cleaning, and when she looks at, and is compelled to give attention to, the many useless articles she has accumulated, wonders where her intelligence was when she furnished her house.

The first essential of every article in the home is its use, either as a means of education, comfort, or utility. Every article that does not fulfill one of those three objects should be disposed of. The picture that has been outgrown because the family has a higher conception of art than when it was bought, every book that has ceased to be a friend whose friendship is necessary to the happiness of some member of the family, and which promises friendship, inspiration, or education elsewhere, should be sent on its travels. A picture, a book, has a mission to perform, and this is never finished until it ceases to be a medium of pleasure and education.

Furniture that has ceased to be of use in one home may, like the bankrupt capitalist, still find a field of usefulness in a lower social stratum, and increase the sum total of human pleasure. The bankrupt capitalist, if he wishes to be acceptable, is careful to keep his clothes in good order, as well as his opinions. So, with furniture grown shabby, a little rubbing and brushing eases it in its downward career, and makes it more acceptable. Clothes are sure to find a welcome, and may prove a moral support, if they are sent on their mission consecrated to a purpose. Burn up shabby velvets, ragged silks, and soiled crepons, unless you are making a crazy-quilt. Do not run the risk of making a human crazy-quilt.

The housekeeper who sent a letter to a lady asking her if she could make use of a number of things in furnishing a home in the country for working-girls, was not the soul of generosity she thought herself, in donating two sets of broken gas-fixtures (the house was one hundred miles from any possible connection with a gas-pipe); one broken sewing-machine; two dozen cups, marred and broken, without saucers; three dozen rusty muffin-rings; a collection of elementary books on the teaching of foreign languages; a set of Plutarch's Lives; three empty picture-frames; and a set of upholstered chairs, not one of which could be used without complete renovation. When the committee received this load, and looked at the express bill, $14, cartman's bill from station, $2, they did not bow their heads in gratitude. But gratitude is one of the higher graces. It was one of the few occasions when small favors would have been more acceptable.

Send on its mission of friendship every article that has served its day of usefulness in your own home. Be sure that when it starts you will not be ashamed to meet it again.

We have heard of a mother who thought that people said "kittengarten" when they referred to kindergarten. She thought it appropriate, for the children played like kittens, and she had seen kittens outlined on the cards used for sewing by the children in the kindergarten.

A Lunch Club

By Katharine Head

There are in Chicago three lunch clubs: the Ogontz Club, in the Pontiac Building; the Wildwood Club, at 102 Madison Street; and the Ursula Club, at 546 Washington Street. The histories of these clubs are very similar, and in this account I have found it easier to take the one with whose management I have been most familiar and tell definitely of its work.

The Kirkland Association, which manages the Ursula Lunch Club, is made up of young women who have attended the Kirkland School in Chicago, and was originally organized that the members might meet socially once a year and renew old ties. A few years ago some of the members decided that if the energy wasted here were properly directed, it might do great good to the members of the Association, and, in helping them, help others. The Association was, therefore, reorganized; this time the avowed object being to promote friendly intercourse between its members and the self-supporting women in the city of Chicago with whom they should be brought in contact.

Any one who has attended Miss Kirkland's school may become a member of the Association upon the payment of the yearly dues. The active members, who pledge themselves to two hours' work a week, pay five dollars, the associate or non-working members ten dollars, and the non-resident members two and a half dollars a year, to the Association, and this money is used as a guarantee fund for the Lunch Club.

The Ogontz Club had a few months before started a lunch club for working-girls, and the Kirkland Association took this for a model, and on November 16, 1891, opened the Ursula Lunch Club. Two suitable rooms had been found in the sixth story of a large building near several places where a good many women are employed as stenographers, clerks, and in factories. We pay fifty dollars a month rent for these rooms, and we have a landlord who has helped and encouraged us in every way. The Kirkland Association paid for the original furnishing of the rooms and all incidental room-furnishings for the first year; since then the Club has paid all its own expenses.

When we first started, we had but one paid assistant. This was a matron who did the necessary cooking, helped in serving the girls, washed the dishes, and kept the rooms in order, for which services she was paid twenty-five dollars a month. Tea and coffee are cooked there, and soup and vegetables heated; the other supplies are sent from a caterer. The matron now, in addition to her other duties, does all the ordering, under the direction of the Chairman of the Lunch-Room Committee, and her salary has been raised to thirty dollars a month. Several members of the Kirkland Association were there every day—some helping the matron, and the others having charge of the social part of the club work. The Kirkland girls still go daily to the Club, although as it has grown we have needed and been able to afford two more paid workers—an assistant matron, whom we pay ten dollars, and a cashier, whom we pay twelve dollars, a month. We must make, therefore, one hundred and two dollars a month (fifty dollars rent and fifty-two dollars salaries), besides paying for our provisions and replacing the furnishings, in order to be self-supporting.

The Club members at first paid ten cents a month dues, but the Club organization promoted such friendly feeling that the membership grew daily, and there was danger of the rooms being overcrowded. At a general meeting of the members it was voted to limit the membership to one hundred and seventy-five, and raise the dues to fifteen cents a month, so that, with the limited membership, the Club might still be self-supporting. A Club member can always bring a visitor by paying five cents, and open days and afternoon teas are held several times during the winter. This membership is now full, and we have a waiting-list of ten or a dozen girls who are anxious to take the first vacant place.

The bill of fare is quite simple, but varied a little from

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day to day to prevent monotony. The following list will give an idea of the price of articles sold from time to time:

Two rolls, with cold meat, jam, or hard-boiled egg	5 cents
Baked beans or canned vegetables	5 "
Soup	5 "
Potato or salmon salad	5 "
Cake or pie	5 "
Doughnuts	2 "
Tea, coffee, milk, cocoa, or lemonade	3 "
Ice-cream	7 "
Fresh or canned fruit	5 to 7 "

The average check paid is eleven cents. A great many girls bring their own lunches and buy a cup of coffee or bowl of soup to eat with it.

We were very anxious to prove that a club of this kind could be made self-supporting, and our receipts, which have been steadily increasing, are now about three hundred and seventy dollars a month, this being all taken in in fifteen-cent membership dues, thirteen and eleven cent lunch-checks, and the small dues from classes held in the other room. The first year—from November, 1891, to November, 1892—we lost $70.95; from November, 1892, to November, 1893, we made $71.01. Since that time we have averaged a profit of a trifle over twenty-five dollars a month. Only one room is used for lunch purposes; the other, whose windows overlook beautiful Lake Michigan, is furnished with couches and easy chairs, covered with bright-colored cretonne. A piano, a desk with writing materials, and a circulating library of three hundred volumes are here for the use of the Club members. We effected a temporary exchange of books with the Ogontz Club a few months ago, which gave both clubs new reading.

One of the most successful developments of this room are the classes. Several of the girls wanted to know of a good Delsarte teacher, and we finally decided to have a class in the library one day a week for half an hour. One end of the room was curtained off, and an enthusiastic class of eight girls began and continued their lessons with a competent teacher, who offered her services for what the girls could afford to pay. The other classes are taught by the Kirkland girls. A travel class, profusely illustrated by photographs, was largely attended, and a successful literature class is now in its second winter. Lately a singing-class has been started, which bids fair to be the most popular of them all. The girls pay five cents a lesson in all these classes, which goes toward books and general club expenses.

The Board of Managers of the Club consists of four Kirkland Association girls and four Ursula Club girls, and meets every two weeks. Any business that they do not wish to decide is presented to the general meeting of the Club members, held once a month, and decided there.

This Club is now talking of being incorporated as a separate body, thus taking much of its own responsibility; and while the Kirkland Association will retain partial control of the Club by having one-half of the Board of Managers composed of its members, it can turn part of its attention to other work. Our first effort beyond the Ursula Club has been in connection with the employees of the Western Electric Company, who give work to two hundred and fifty girls and seven hundred men at their factory at the corner of Clinton and Van Buren Streets. The officers of this company offered us a room, rent free, if we would open a lunch-room and run it for the use of the people in the factory, and we were very glad to accept this offer. The room was in order and ready for use the 10th January, 1894, and has been crowded every day since then. The men come here to buy soup or coffee, which they take away to eat with their own lunches.

We mean, in starting this club, to manage it so that, if at any time we decide to leave it, it could be carried on by the girls employed in the factory; but if they should ever do this, they would probably prefer to take turns in doing the serving and the cashier's work themselves rather than pay any one else to do it, so that we consider the matron and cashier luxuries indulged in at the expense of the Kirkland Association. Then, too, as we pay no rent, our expenses are further reduced, and we can sell things a little cheaper than at the Ursula Club. Our supplies are sent to us from the Hull House Diet Kitchen, at 240 West Polk Street, in cans covered with indurated fiber, which keeps the contents hot for some hours, so that no cooking is done in the lunch-room.

We pay for our provisions:

Coffee, per gallon	25 cents
Soup, per gallon	30 "
Baked beans or corned beef hash, per gallon	35 "
Rolls, per dozen	6 "
Doughnuts, per dozen	8 "
Pie	12 "

And our supplies have so far been limited to these articles.

We sell:

1 pint soup or coffee, with 2 rolls	5 cents
1 pint baked beans or hash, with 2 rolls	10 "
Doughnuts	1 "
Pie, per quarter	5 "

This pays for the cost of the food and leaves us a small margin, which, as the club gets on a firmer basis, may pay the matron's salary. The room is well patronized, and the piano is in almost constant use during the noon hour.

The Wildwood Lunch Club differs from the other clubs mainly in the summer work which for two seasons it has carried on. A house in the country has been taken, to which any girl, not necessarily a member of that Club, can go, at a cost of from two to three and a half dollars a week.

We are all interested in the starting of other lunch clubs in Chicago, or in other cities or in factory towns, and we shall always be glad to help such clubs in any possible way.

The Making of Old Bachelors

By Mary Rice Miller

"What will you give an old bachelor to keep house with?" was a favorite game "when the present century was in its teens," and "you nor I nor nobody knows" how much older the game is.

Then an old bachelor represented forlornness and helplessness, and the medley of things promised him was proof of the understanding of his many wants.

Time, which softens many needs, has given the old bachelor a club, and Time is also making old bachelors for the club at a dreadful rate, and why?

The club is a gracious provision for his wants: his apartment is enticing, its appointments complete, its service excellent. Early or late he arrives—his latch-key admits him; its order is so pinkly perfect that he needs no wife to tell him where "things" are—they are where they were this time last night, last year; and why not?—no interrupting wife, no meddlesome child, to misplace properties—all things are as they should be.

As they should be? Let us think.

Is it only a tradition that "it is not good for man to live alone"?

The club antidote for loneliness is available—push the button, send the messenger-boy to call in a lot of fellows; whist, cigars, conversation, till all hours of the night. How they go or when they go is only the old bachelor's business.

Then, after all, he is alone!

But he isn't well! What then? Ring up the boy and have in the doctor. A day alone! We dare not compute the hours in that day.

That some other of the modern conditions of life favor bachelorhood is well known. The contraction of households in large cities; the condensing, we may say, into the limits of apartments, so curtails the possibilities of entertaining in the middle class that the single man scarcely tastes of family life.

It is this lack of opportunity to enjoy home comforts that leaves many a bachelor in ignorance of what he might become, what luxury he could afford in home-making. It is *not* the extravagance of young women that intimidates men from marrying; it is absolute unacquaintance with domesticity.

A certain mother of two young men gives them the

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privilege of bidding to their Sunday-night supper any homeless fellow they choose. The men asked are those isolated in boarding-houses; eating stereotyped meals, dishes recurring the same day in each week the year round, and the Sunday-night tea cold and cheerless in deference to the maids. Not only is this mother's supper pleasing with little novelties, but there is deliberate conversation at her table; story-telling as long as they like to chat. Sometimes there are young girls, often there are none; but the feeling of home thrift is what attracts these tea-guests and makes them grateful for their invitation.

Girls are nowadays practical, and the chances are that they can live as economically as the men; we hope that it is a slander that bachelors are afraid to venture on this score, as it implies a selfish fear of being called to limit their personal superfluities.

Let the *matrons* treat this question—"reform it altogether." Take the bachelor home to dinner; afterward lend him Tom's slippers and Will's jacket and let him relax body and mind in the sweet ease and quiet of your home. He will be loth to put on his walking apparel and to cast himself out of this nineteenth-century paradise and seek the frigid boarding-house or the circumspect club.

Let him use the club for entertainment, possibly—the clubs that honor ladies with their hospitality—but let him have a home for his heart and soul, from which he may reach out a saving hand to the fraternity he commiserates.

He will add to his litany a petition in behalf of the United State: "From the desolation of single blessedness, good Lord, deliver us."

Curing Defects

Dear Outlook:

Will you give your advice as to teaching spelling to a small boy of eleven years? He has attended the public school for three years, and, in spite of attention on the part of the family, finds great difficulty in spelling even the simplest words, putting in unnecessary letters, etc., and seems to have absolutely no idea of the sound of the vowels. The child is bright, good at arithmetic, does not care to read himself, but listens, spell-bound, to any kind of reading. Can you suggest any book or system by which we can give him a start? It is now a serious question with us, and following the method of the modern speller does not seem to suit this case.

M. E. L.

The probabilities are that the fault with the boy is a dullness of hearing; not deafness, any more than color-blindness is blindness. Test his hearing with the piano, to discover whether he can detect the difference between higher and lower notes without seeing the keyboard. Test his hearing by bird-notes; see how closely he can imitate them. Is his own voice monotonous? Once satisfied that his hearing is faultless, the effort then must concentrate on his mental attitude. The mind is very curious in its working, even with sane people. An idea will fasten itself on the mind, and it becomes a barnacle, an impediment to progress. The writer knows a girl of seventeen who insists that she cannot say "salt;" she pronounces the word, as nearly as it can be spelled, "sauk," and this she has held to since her baby days. Another girl of twenty-eight, known to the writer, says she cannot kiss—cannot make the muscular movement that the act of kissing involves. Neither of these girls is affected; they are wholesome girls mentally and physically. Many apparent mental lacks are due to physical causes.

There is one thing certain: the boy referred to should not be entertained by reading. He should be driven to reading himself as a resource. You do not say that he finds any difficulty in reading, which is largely a matter of sight. If he cannot read readily, a good method to follow would be to have him learn to recognize words by sight; to find any given word on a page or in a column as often as it occurs; say nothing of the spelling; teach him to read by sight. Spelling is largely a gift of memory, which can be cultivated; but it needs the cultivation of a lifetime, and even that does not bring perfection.

Test the boy's hearing, and the fault may be found to be physical, not mental. The remedy then is the aurist.

A Plea

The wild flowers will soon prove the great attraction to the lovers of nature. One is compelled to doubt the declared love of some people for the woods, so ruthless are they in destroying the beauties of the woods—the wild flowers. They will pick all the flowers they can carry, and then let them die for want of care—which is a small part of their crime. Without the slightest regard to the rights of others, they will pull the flowers, roots and all, leaving a scar on the face of nature that may never heal. "Garden and Forest" urges the farmer to leave a little swamp-land for the sake of the wild flowers that will grow nowhere else; it also urges the sparing of the flowers that cover and crown the fences with beauty. There comes to mind now a morning walk last fall through a country lane that was hedged on either side with a perfect glory of goldenrod and clematis. It made even that cloudy day sunshiny, so glorious was the coloring. Two days afterward a mass of dead and withered weeds lay in the sunshine, while the crooked and carelessly built stone fence lay revealed in all its ugliness. The bees and moths hung buzzing over their stricken market, flying in joy to the flower from which all the color had not yet departed. Before the week was over, the smoke of the flowers helped to darken the rays of the setting sun; but the lane was the pink of neatness. The sight of it did not produce a feeling of brotherly love.

An enemy of the woods, "Garden and Forest" says, who should be watched, is the professional root-digger:

> Professional root-diggers gather supplies each succeeding year from the same section as long as the yield is profitable. When they have so nearly exterminated the plant that the gathering no longer proves remunerative, new fields are sought in which to repeat their depredations. It is stated that ginseng can be cultivated successfully, and the production of ginseng may yet become a paying business. Many other wild plants also admit of cultivation. I heard complaints last Decoration Day that plants such as the trillium, once plentiful in this locality, are now almost exterminated by overgathering. Plant-collectors are charged with being largely responsible for the extermination of wild flowers, and this is, perhaps, true in a way. But, after all, collectors are among the most active agents, indirectly, in perpetuating them, among town and city people by giving an opportunity to buy them, and among country people by awakening them to the fact that native plants are worth money, and, consequently, worth keeping; for many people see no value in anything excepting the cash value.

Botany is becoming a popular study. Every year a knowledge of plants is becoming more widespread. With this knowledge will come a reverence for the life of plants; their right to live and fill their mission of decoration will be recognized. The instinctive respect for the life of plants is born in some people, and where it is not born it should be cultivated. A little girl known to the writer has, since her baby days, had this reverence. She would always "leave some for next year," when picking flowers in the woods or by the roadside. If she disturbed a root, it was delightful to see how carefully she put it back. The influence of that little child made careful a group of people. Recently the papers spoke of a certain strip of woods in Massachusetts where, through the efforts of one man, every foot of the woods is kept beautiful. He loved wild flowers, but he for years has never removed a plant from the woods that he has not put another in its place. It is said that the result is that many hitherto cultivated flowers are found natural in these woods, and wild flowers of other sections are also found there flourishing.

It is this effort to perpetuate beauty that shows the true artist as well as the true philanthropist. It is not what I do for the poor man that is the measure of my love, but what I do for all men who must walk the same paths.

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The Hoped-for Solution

Every spring we are forced to consider again the blindness of the architects who plan without considering the real wants of the people for whom they are planning, when the future occupants are to be tenants, not owners—the helpless thousands who never have but one house where their personal needs are considered, and, as they are dead before this consideration is shown them, they do not enjoy it.

The apartment-house of to-day, with its closets and sub-closets, never meets the needs of the family that hires it. With hopeless patience families float from one apartment to another, vaguely hoping that the objectionable features will be less objectionable in the new than they were in the old apartment; each moving reveals that the difference is in kind, not degree. The kitchens in apartments within the reach of even a three-thousand-a-year income are unbearable. If stationary wash-tubs, range, and boiler were removed, it would be possible for a human being to secure comfort and a degree of happiness. But it would take a salamander to endure the kitchen of the average modern apartment-house in summer. A range, and boiler heated to the boiling-point, fill one side of the kitchen, and the occupant's back, when at work, may possibly be two feet away from one or the other point of discomfort. When one considers how great a factor comfort is in the moral development of the human race, one cannot wonder that the domestic problem has assumed the proportions it has. There is this same disregard shown in the planning of many country houses. The kitchens are too small, and no provision is made for the laundry outside of the kitchen. The servants' rooms are frequently small and without closets, and placed without regard to securing comparative comfort either in winter or summer.

This disregard of the humanities begets a like disregard, and the servants, like the dwellers in apartments, change to reduce the discomfort. Nor is this indifference to convenience confined to the kitchens and servants' rooms. In an Eastern city blocks of so-called model houses have been put up that rent far above the average American family's income. The butler's pantries in these houses are without closets, and all but two of the closets in these houses have drawers that are so high that a dress skirt thirty inches long could not hang clear of the top of the drawers. Women should be consulted on every plan designed for the home of a family; they should be the consulting partners of every firm of architects, if not active members. When this fortunate arrangement is accomplished, we shall no longer occupy houses that have no places for the necessary furniture. Kitchens will be so arranged as to be livable in, servants will be housed like human beings, and sleeping-rooms will not be closets for the storage of human beings at night. Pretentious people will have learned that the test of good breeding is not a matter of brass finishings, stained glass, and hard-wood floors, confined to drawing-room, library, and music-room, that together would make one good-sized room, but in the division of space for which rent is paid.

A Caution

Smallpox is almost epidemic in several cities. In Brooklyn a number of cases have been traced to the concealment by the father and physician of one patient. The number of cases resulting from this case was sixteen. Another discovery made was that twenty per cent. of the pupils in the public schools had not been vaccinated successfully. One of the Commissioners says that the thorough vaccination of every person would stamp out the disease at once.

The dangers that attended vaccination in former days, when the matter was passed from one person to another, is practically abolished. The vaccine virus is now taken directly from the animal, and the animal is the object of care of the veterinarian during the process of inoculation. The greatest wisdom is shown, not by daring the disease, but by preventing it through that measure which science has proved efficacious—vaccination.

The Friendship Fund

The Friendship Fund is growing each week. This last week it has kept a family of three in their home, who were on the point of being ejected. It has made it possible for a sick girl to have the medicine she needed. It will buy tickets for the Central Park carriages for some sick girls too weak to take outdoor air any other way. It has made it possible for a little girl of fourteen, who has been in bed a week, blind and suffering, to have what she needs for proper treatment.

Every day reveals some new opportunity for this money to help some girl conscious of a friend's interest.

Previously acknowledged	$1,066 29
A Friend, Thetford, Vt	1 00
Some Dwight School Girls, Englewood, N. J	6 50
A. M. K., Lakewood, N. J	50 00
A. D. W., New York	5 00
A King's Daughter, Waynesburg, Pa	5 00
A. P. H., New York	3 00
Total	$1,136 79

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

While no old butter-maker, I have had some experience in that line from my youth up. A friend recently informed me that black pepsin would greatly increase the yield of butter, and had our druggist order some; she was very sanguine of success, and invited me to see the marvelous results. She churned two gallons of cream the usual way, and had four pounds three ounces of butter; she then churned two gallons with black pepsin, but only had four pounds seven ounces of butter. She at once pronounced it a humbug. I noticed the buttermilk was full of small particles of butter not gathered, and called her attention to it, but she claimed she had followed the directions to the letter, and, as the result was not what she expected, it was a failure. I asked her to let me take some pepsin home, and the next day I churned, but the result was the same as with my friend—no increase of butter, but the richest buttermilk I ever saw. The next day I churned more slowly, and was rewarded by a decided increase of butter. The next day I let the cream get very thick, churned slowly after it began to break, and had nine pounds thirteen ounces nice butter from two gallons of cream. Two gallons churned the old way made only four pounds seven ounces of butter. I have used black pepsin ever since with complete success. A teaspoonful of pepsin to each gallon of cream will combine in the form of butter all the cheese, butter, and sugar that milk contains, and you will have more than twice as much *good butter;* over half the healthful solids in milk are thrown away in buttermilk by the old way of churning. The butter tastes, looks, keeps, and sells better than common butter. Here in Nebraska our markets are poor, but, being able to double the increase of butter by using pepsin, I can make money at our prices; but back home in the East this system of butter-making should be a fortune to any farmer, and it will certainly pay to try and have patience enough to learn. Do not think you can double the income of your cows without any thought or experience, but a week should enable you to more than double your yield of butter without additional expense or labor.

MRS. MARY HALL.

Omaha, Neb.

ANOTHER RECEIPT FOR INDIAN PUDDING

Stir corn-meal into one quart of boiling milk till it is a thick mush. Add a piece of butter half as big as a hen's egg, and one cup of syrup; also one half-teaspoonful salt; steam four or five hours. Baked Indian pudding is made the same way, except that the mush is thin. Bake four or five hours in a slow oven.

WHOLE-WHEAT BISCUIT

I have found the following recipe acceptable in a family with small likings for brown bread: One pound whole-wheat flour, three ounces lard, two ounces of sugar if sugar is liked, teaspoonful of salt, one pint of milk and water mixed; mix thoroughly, lay on the molding-board and beat with the rolling-pin

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until it ceases to be sticky; roll and cut into biscuits; be careful to prick each biscuit thoroughly; bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour; take part of the dough so prepared, roll thin, butter, beat again, roll very thin, cut out and bake. These are good wafers. L. M. B.

A Coming Game

By Charles Ledyard Norton

A member of a Canadian golf club was asked the other day what implements were really necessary for the enjoyment of that ancient and honorable recreation, which will be highly fashionable in this country almost before we know it. His reply was rather appalling, in view of the number of "irons," "putters," "cleeks," "niblicks," "spoons," and the rest, which to his colonial mind seemed essential for the old Scottish game. When he was asked, half mischievously, "Why can't it be played with a hockey-stick and a hard rubber ball?" a look of pain, not unmingled with pity, came over his handsome face. "Oh," he replied, "that wouldn't be good form at all, you know."

The American seeker after information did not "know," but he understood, and took good care thereafter not to approach the traditions of the game with republican irreverence; not, at least, until he had obtained all the information he required from his Canadian friend.

Practically, golf is as yet quite unknown in this country, though the first club was formed at San Francisco some two or three years ago. Across the Canada line it has been played for many years. They have a fashion there of following English customs somewhat quicker and more faithfully than we do here. Strange how long it takes certain ideas to travel! The toboggan, for instance, was in use among the Indians when the Jesuit missionaries first pushed into the Northern wilderness, but people knew nothing of it in New England until fifteen years ago or so. In like manner, the Norwegian "ski," or snow-shoes, vastly superior to those used by the American Indian, have never come into use in Canada, and, curiously enough, found their way into the United States by way of the Pacific coast.

So, golf, which was a national game in Scotland as long ago as 1450, did not invade England in force until after the middle of the present century. In Scotland it had been so popular for a long time that about the date mentioned the public archery-butts were neglected on holidays to such an extent that the average marksmanship of the famous Scottish longbowmen was in danger of deterioration. The Parliament thereupon passed an edict prohibiting golf on Sundays, and making archery-practice compulsory in its stead. It seems almost incredible that such a thing could have been in Presbyterian Scotland; but, when one comes to think of it, there was not much Presbyterianism then either in Scotland or anywhere else. And when "blue bonnets went over the border" their wearers needed cloth-yard shafts rather than golf clubs.

Golf is really nothing more nor less than a systematized scheme of taking a "constitutional" with an object. The ground on which it is played is technically known as the "links," links being simply the Scotch equivalent for the English "downs" or "dunes." The term would seem to be locally confined to the sandy tracts, half overgrown with salt grass and what the Scotch call "whin," that occur along the seacoast; but the game is not necessarily limited to these. It can be played over any kind of country, level or hilly, or even along a public highway, provided it does not interfere with the rights of others. To prepare the links for use it is only necessary to mark out a long, irregular line following the conformation of hill and dale, as taste or experience may dictate. At intervals of from one hundred to six hundred yards little pits are made in the earth, each about four inches wide and as many deep. The line of these doubles on itself after a while, and comes back to the original starting-point. Eighteen holes constitute a long "round," and nine a reasonably short one. The number of holes to be taken is entirely optional, and the players may cross over from one side of the round and come back on the other at any desired point. The game is played with small gutta-percha balls painted white so that they can be easily seen. These are struck, or "driven," with clubs, so called, of which more anon. The starting-point is called the "teeing-ground," a "tee" being a little heap of earth scraped together so that the ball can be laid on top of it, affording a fair mark for the stroke of the player. With this first stroke he aims to send the ball to or near the first hole, so that with as few "drives" as possible he can lodge it fairly in the hole itself. Thence it is driven to the second hole, and so on until the round is completed. The object of the game is to make the entire round with as few strokes as may be. Usually two individuals play against each other, or, forming sides, two play against two; thus agreeable companionship and suitable pairings-off can easily be effected. It is desirable rather than otherwise that the links should be irregular and irregularly overgrown with wild growths of different sorts; hence the ground requires no preparation whatever beyond the "holes" mentioned. Natural obstacles, or "hazards" as they are technically called, are cherished features of the best links, adding an element of uncertainty to the happenings of the game.

The name golf is probably from the German "kolb" (club), whence perhaps also the seemingly inappropriate names of the various elaborate implements used by experts. All the players who cherish the traditions of the game are provided with a large number of these clubs, though only three or four are really necessary—namely, a "play club" for ordinary use, an "iron" for sandy or gravelly soil, a "spoon" when the ball has slipped into some kind of a hollow, and a "putter," which is used when the ball is near a hole and careful work at short range is necessary. Between and around these, in the minds of experts, there are distributed no end of modified patterns. In England and Scotland, and, we may add, in Canada, your enthusiastic player provides himself with a sheaf of clubs so weighty that a special attendant, known as the "caddie," is required to carry them during a game. It is possible, however, to play a legitimate game without such needless elaboration of equipment; but even four clubs, as enumerated, are more than enough for convenience and enjoyment of an outdoor walk. The clubs themselves are rather elaborately made, and somewhat expensive, costing about $2.50 apiece. They are about four feet long, the shaft made of hickory or lancewood, wound with leather at the grip. The lower end carries what is most inaptly termed the "head," and this again is further misnamed, since its point is called the "toe" and its inner end the "heel." The head is properly of iron or steel, faced with horn, backed with lead, very carefully tempered and polished to a nicety. It is affixed to the lower end of the club with great care, and reinforced with servings of rawhide or other leather.

It is impossible to describe without the aid of illustration the posture which is taken by a player when in the act of "addressing" or "driving" the ball. Suffice it to say that the club is swung up over the shoulder until it hangs down on the opposite side, and then brought round against the ball in a long swinging stroke that calls for every ounce of power of which the entire frame is capable, and must be delivered with all attainable skill and nicety of judgment. As the ball is often driven for long distances, the possibility of unexpected situations is almost infinite. It is impossible here even to summarize the elaborate rules that govern the game. From first to last they have emanated from the St. Andrew's Club of Fife, one of the oldest of the Scottish clubs, and to this day regarded as the headquarters of the game in Great Britain. For the rules of the game in full, and its elaborate code of customs and etiquette, the reader is referred to the appropriate volume in the Badminton Library, or to any of the dealers in sporting goods, some of whom publish pamphlets containing all needed information.

Golf, too, has a most astonishing and voluminous vocabulary of its own, as has already become apparent in the odd terms occasionally quoted in this article.

The game is usually played by one against one, or two against two; evidently, as soon as both sides in a set

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have made their first hole and started for the second, there is plenty of room for another set to play off from the teeing-ground. Occasionally, of course, different sets will overlap in the course of a game, but the rules provide carefully for such emergencies, and no difficulty is ordinarily experienced. The score, supposing that there is one player on each side, is kept thus: A leads, or "plays off," and scores "one." B plays and sends his ball nearer the hole than A's. A plays again, his score becoming "one more." If his ball stops short, he plays again, and his score becomes "two more;" if still short, "three more," and so on, till he gets ahead of B. Then B plays. At the first stroke his score becomes "one off three." If he fails to get ahead, he must make another stroke, and his score becomes "one off two," "one off one," etc. Thus the score practically keeps itself. Whoever holes his ball first leaves it there until the second ball is holed. If both players make the hole in the same number of strokes, the score is "halved," as it is called, and begins over again at nothing. In any case, holed balls are lifted out and played off toward the second hole, as at the beginning of the game, from within a club-length of the hole, but without the aid of a "tee." If four persons (two on a side) are playing, the partners play alternately, the score being kept in the same manner as when there is only one on a side.

The balls are made of gutta-percha, painted white, weigh 26 to 28 drachms, and are a little less than two inches in diamater.

The regularly established clubs affect uniforms, the women generally wearing what is known as "pink" on English hunting-fields, adding thereby an element of color to the usually somber hue of the links. The men are generally in flannels, more or less warm, since it is not a hot-weather game. When several games are in active progress on the links, the scene is gay and the chances of the game exciting alike to players and spectators.

Experience has shown that America did not win her independence simply to follow British precedent in the games that she has taken up: football, cricket, and other pastimes of English origin have been largely modified by American conditions. It is not easy to see why golf may not be shorn of certain elements that complicate its pursuit. Possibly at Newport or Tuxedo it may play its part according to English custom, with "caddies" to carry the clubs and the various attendants that so often detract from the enjoyment of foreign rural sports. The average American rather likes to introduce improvements in such matters, and it will not be surprising if American golf turns out to be far simpler than its Scottish prototype.

Familiar Quotations[1]

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—*W. Hazlitt.*

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—*William Penn.*

Always rise from the table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.—*William Penn.*

Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.—*Shakespeare.*

Call on a business man at business times only, and on business; transact your business and go about your business, in order to give him time to attend to his business.—*Duke of Wellington.*

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—*Wordsworth.*

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—*George Washington.*

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—*E. Burke.*

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—*Franklin.*

[1] Answers to Puzzles in The Outlook for March 17.

The Dreamer[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Joseph may have been, and probably was in his youth, something of an egotist, but his vanity was not without some real foundation. His subsequent life shows that he possessed a remarkable character. The tree is known by its buds as well as by its fruits. The aspirations, expectations, anticipations of boyhood are not sure indications of manhood, but they are indications. Joseph was superior to his brothers in the essential elements of his character; he was superior to his father; and he had what may be called an unconscious or half-conscious sense of this superiority. This half-conscious life not infrequently comes to consciousness in dreams. It was so with him. There is nothing in the account to indicate that Joseph knew what events his dreams presaged. They only indicate that he felt a superiority which gave him a hint of future pre-eminence, but not in what it was to be or how it was to be won.

Thus Joseph may be said to be a type of the prophetic character; he has dimly a vision of the future, realizing what the more prosaic men about him do not realize; sketches in his thoughts a future which the world does not see; and renders or prepares to render a service which it is reluctant to receive. Let us, then, consider:

I. How the world treats this dreamer.

II. How God overrules the world.

(1) When Joseph comes to his brethren in Dothan, their greeting is, "Behold! this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say, Some evil spirit hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams." They did not like their brother's implied assumption of superiority. Envy is a very mean vice, but a very common one. Most men do not like to recognize another as pre-eminent above them. If they cannot climb up to their superior, they pull their superior down to their level. So, when the prophet comes with his superior insight and foresight, with his revelation of truth which they have not seen, they are never quick to receive the gift. They shut their eyes, if they can, to his disclosures; if not, they will destroy the hand which opens the picture. They will close their ears to the message if they can; if not, they will destroy the messenger.

Thus Israel more than once treated Moses, against whom they murmured and whom they would have slain; thus Ahab treated Elijah, whom he regarded as the one that troubled Israel; thus the Church treated Galileo; and the doctors, Harvey; and the American nation, the pioneers in the Abolition movement; so, most prominent illustration of all, the world treated its Messiah. In all these cases, and in many others, its greeting has been that of Joseph's brethren to Joseph: "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say, Some evil spirit hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

(2) But God has overruled the world. He has made the world's treatment of its prophet secure the fulfillment of the prophecy. The forty years in the wilderness, the death of one generation and the rising up of another, was almost necessary to prepare Israel to conquer and possess the Promised Land. The impetuosity of Elijah would have defeated the reform which he desired to bring about in the moral education of mankind; Ahab as a counter-foil has been almost indispensable to the story of the great, strong, brave but unrestrained prophet. The world has learned more of religious liberty from the imprisonment of Galileo than it has learned of science from his teaching. And the death of Jesus Christ has given a greater salvation to the world than, humanly speaking, could have been given if the Pharisees had not said, This is the Son: come, let us kill him and seize on the inheritance. Thus is the history of the world written in microcosm in the story of Joseph. His brothers, angered by his dreams, would have destroyed him; their act of selling him into captivity was laid upon by the Divine wisdom as the very method of making him a prime minister of Egypt, the deliverer of Jacob and his sons, and the founder of the Hebrew nation.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 15, 1894.—Gen. xxxvii., 23-36.

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For the Little People

Tommy's Project

By Mary E. M. Richardson

The nursery floor was covered o'er
With playthings very curious:
A shipwrecked bark was Noah's Ark,
And Noah looked quite furious.

Poor Shem and Ham fast in a jam
Of tenpins were imprisoned;
While here and there and everywhere
Resplendent marbles glistened.

Small quadrupeds, some on their heads,
In helpless heaps were lying.
From off the track a jumping-jack
To leap seemed vainly trying.

A turtle-dove that could not move
Was plaintive and dejected;
And one gray goose with both wings loose
Looked sickly and neglected.

A curly dog, a grass-green frog—
Two paralytic creatures—
Abjectly sat beside a cat
Which could not wash her features.

A hobby-horse was there, of course;
A lilliputian leopard
Lay sound asleep beside some sheep
That had nor fold nor shepherd.

Tom tried in vain to entertain
Himself with all these treasures,
But tossed them by impatiently,
And longed for other pleasures.

A force of ten militia men
Before his mood retreated,
And rigid rows of armèd foes
Fell utterly defeated.

Fine tops that hum became hum-drum;
His acrobat performers
He watched awhile without a smile—
Their power was gone as charmers.

Tramway and train, it was quite plain,
Made work that was unpleasant;
His every game seemed dull and tame,
And wearisome the present.

Awhile he'd play, then rush away
With eager look and serious;
Thus hours were spent in discontent,
Or in a quest mysterious.

Now in, now out, this friskabout
Was noticed to be going;
And peering round upon the ground,
As if for something growing.

An anxious look his features took,
As out and in he hurried;
His mother kind desired to find
By what care he was worried.

Down garden-walk, with pleasant talk,
At length they strolled together;
Then Tom showed where he had with care
Set out a downy feather.

"Now you can see, mamma," said he,
Into her fond eyes gazing,
"Why I don't play indoors to-day:
I'm 'gaged in *chicken-raising!*"

❀

A Curious Old Bell

A bell has been brought to this country from China that is said by some people to be two hundred years old. It is as tall as a man, and weighs a thousand pounds, but its diameter is very much smaller than the bells of the present time. This bell has no tongue, but is beat with a club. There is a big hole in the top, large enough to put in one's hand. The outside of the bell is covered with Chinese characters; and the bell loop upon which it swings is a dragon, and most beautifully carved.

❀

A New Chicken

By M. F. Hazeltine

When John was three years old, his papa gave him a little hoe, rake, and spade, just the right size for him to use. These tools made him feel that he was almost a man, for could he not go into the garden and work as his father did? His papa was a very busy man, but one day, after an early tea, they went together to work in the garden. John used first one tool, then another, and wished he could use them all at once, he liked them so very much. Soon he found that he did not know how to work very well, and he began to watch his papa and do as he did. After a while it was time to go in, and papa said, "Come, John, we'll go in now," but John said, "Work more, papa, work more." "Guess if you are not coming into the house you will have to stay with the chickens to-night," said papa. Soon it was time for John to go to bed. Mamma called, but there was no answer. She looked for him in the garden and everywhere, but there was no boy to be found. Now John was not a runaway boy, so papa and mamma both went to look him up. At last they went to the hen-house, and there, on a low beam, was the lost boy, curled up, and holding on as best he could. He looked like neither a boy nor a chicken. "Why, John, what are you here for?" said papa. "Get down, and come to me." "No, no: chickie, stay chickie," said John. Papa took the boy chicken on his shoulder and carried him into the house. Mamma undressed him and put him in his own little crib, and he was soon fast asleep.

❀

Musical Seals

Among the many attractions of Hagenbeck's trained animals were the seals that were trained by Captain Weston. The three seals trained by Captain Weston were named Bobby, Bibby, and Tommy. They were found off the coast of Coxshaven, Germany. In Germany the Government pays a reward of five marks for the capture of every seal. Captain Weston knew this, and he secured one of the best sealers engaged in capturing seals for the Government to capture seals for him. The three that have been performing at Hagenbeck's were the three that proved easiest to train. Captain Weston tells us how he trained the seals: by firing off pistols, making all sorts of noises, and various other devices. He first had twenty seals, but they quarreled so much that all were killed but three. It took Captain Weston three months to teach the seals to hold the little harps that they now play really quite well. Captain Weston says that he can throw a ten-cent piece into the water, and that the seals will dive and get it. Perhaps the next most astonishing thing about the seals after their performance is that they eat five hundred pounds of fish a week; they eat only herring and flounder. These seals of Captain Weston's ring bells, play tambourine and harp, fire off cannon, sing (not at all musically), and do various other minor little tricks. They perform in boxes that are raised about six inches from the ground and slant from the back to the level of the platform, being just long enough to hold their bodies. They raise their heads to the trainer and look at him very much as a dog would.

A New Military Signal

Every boy knows now that soldiers can signal to each other as far apart as they can recognize flags, and convey messages merely by the way they use the flags. Last summer flash-lights were used at the State Camp at Peekskill, so that the soldiers miles apart communicated with each other more rapidly far than they could by telegraph. And now a signal by whistles has been devised. The whistles are to be used by the officers. If the one in command wishes to order the soldiers "to the rear," he gives two short notes and one long one; "commence firing" is two long and two short notes; "to the right," two prolonged notes; "to the left," two short notes, and so through the various military commands necessary in time of battle. This signaling by whistles was made necessary to communicate with different officers and with the soldiers under command in battle when the officers could not be seen because of the smoke.

❀

A Traveled Jumbo

"St. Nicholas" tells the following story: "Among the curiosities in the museum is a baby Jumbo with one of his sides gorgeously embroidered in the Stars and Stripes, and the other flaunting the Union Jack, the two united by a golden chain. It had drifted thither, and had been for several years ensconced in its glass case, when a postal exhibit was begged from the department for a church fair, and for the first time Jumbo went out for an airing. It so happened that a lady from New Hampshire was visiting Washington at the time, and went to the fair. To the surprise of her friends, she greeted Jumbo as a long-lost friend. Ten years before, she had made him to send to her daughter in England, who had married a man named Link—hence the design of the two flags linked together."

❀

A Preference

The Philadelphia "Press" tells us of a little boy who said that he always gave everybody in the house candy when he had any, but he would rather give it to his mamma, because she always said "No, thank you."

❀

Not Satisfactory

"I ain't going to take that piece of pie; it's long and slim and thin, and not a bit wide, and hardly any thick;" and the company all voted that Johnny was not a polite little boy.

❀

Puzzles

Solution to Syncopations[1]

I.

1. Beast, best. 2. Rabid, raid. 3. Lucre, lure. 4. Dodge, Doge. 5. Fiend, find. 6. Unfit, unit. 7. Regal, real. 8. Paint, pant. 9. Pikes, pies. 10. Holly, holy.

II.

1. I *hied* hither, and here will I *hide*.
2. Can *you* see that old *ewe* under the *yew*-tree?
3. Do you think that *boy* in the water will be able to reach the *buoy*?

Answers to "Fish to Fry"

1. Drum. 2. Pollock. 3. Topknot. 4. Bellows. 5. Skate. 6. Smelt. 7. Globe. 8. Halibut. 9. Whitebait. 10. Fatherlasher. 11. Haddock. 12. Sea-mouse. 13. Herring. 14. Carp. 15. Hound. 16. Skipper. 17. Angler. 18. Moon. 19. Cramp. 20. Pipe.

[1] Issue March 24.

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The Religious World

The Free Church Congress at Leeds

One of the events in the religious world of Great Britain most worthy of study is the Free Church Congress, which has just held its second session at Leeds. The Congress is composed of representatives of all the evangelical dissenting denominations—at least all of those may send delegates. It was started soon after the meeting of the International Congregational Council in London, and, we believe, may be regarded as an outgrowth of that. Exactly who first suggested the idea might be difficult to determine. At that Council, Dr. John Clifford, the pre-eminent Baptist of London, asked why Baptists were not included in that Council, saying that they were Congregationalists as well as those who bore the name. He was followed by Dr. J. Monroe Gibson, who suggested a Council of all the denominations, but his thought included, if we remember, the evangelical churches of the world. Very soon after the close of the Council, Dr. Mackennal took up the thought, and led the way for the first Free Church Congress, which was held last year in Manchester. We presume that the project had long been in his mind. The special object of the Congress is the uniting of all Nonconformist denominations for purposes of practical Christian work and for mutual co-operation in that which belongs alike to all, especially the promotion of Disestablishment. Last year's meetings were a great success. We have not yet the full reports of the meeting at Leeds, but will complete our notice in our next issue. The sermon was preached by the Principal of Mansfield College, Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, who took for his text Matt. xvi., 18, and John xviii., 36—the words of Christ to Peter and Pilate. The sermon was on the high plane of thought to which Dr. Fairbairn always seeks to lift his hearers. Among other things, he said that the Free Churches had gained the negative liberty of the right to exist; now they had to live such a life as would justify the liberty they had gained. The churches must be serious in all their spiritual purposes. They are not here to amuse, but to teach. The real intellect and true spirit of the times demand the virile testimony of the Free Churches. So far as our reports now go, there were four discussions: one opened by Dr. John Hunter, of Glasgow, on "Worship;" one a conference on "Labor," presided over by Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P.; one on "Denominational Overlapping;" and one on "Woman's Work in Towns."

What was Said at These Conferences

Dr. John Hunter is one of the most striking figures in the British pulpit. He is a great preacher, a thorough Independent, and yet a man who puts much emphasis upon the element of worship in church services. He says "the problem of the Free Churches is how to unite reasonableness and devoutness." The reaction against form and symbolism has gone too far. "The average Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, or Methodist place of worship is about the last place in the world for a man to go who desires to cultivate his spiritual life." "We must provide aids to devotion. The monopoly of helpful symbolism ought not to be given over to error." "For true congregational worship there must be a liturgical element." "It is better to have a large part of the service fixed, but there should be room for free prayer." Dr. Hunter cannot be accused of seeking a liturgy because of his inability to draw the people by his preaching. He has long emphasized the need in our modern life of the cultivation of the devotional spirit in the services of the Church. Some of the speakers who followed agreed with him, and some disagreed. In the Conference on the Labor Question three addresses seem to have attracted especial attention. The Rev. and Alderman Flemming Williams said that the land question was at the base of the labor problem. The demand of the working classes for a living wage is not simply a material but a moral demand. "Education and the franchise have rendered it impossible for them to put up with the old brutal standard of wages." "If the labor problem is merely financial, let it be kept outside the churches; but if the monetary elements are the symbols of great spiritual aspirations, we put them out at our peril." The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes said that one of the curses of the past was "the economic man." He said that the capitalist should have only so much for his labor as he would be willing to pay another man to do the same work; only so much interest as accrues to dead capital, and no insurance on his risk. If the working classes are not led by the churches, they will be led by atheists and Socialists. Dr. Glover, an eminent Baptist of Bristol, took exactly the opposite view, and strongly condemned the treatment of the labor question in the pulpit, and had no sympathy with any tendency toward Socialism. In the discussion on Denominational Overlapping a resolution was passed asking the various Nonconformist bodies to appoint representatives to a conference to be held on the subject, with a view to substituting co-operation for competitive action among the churches. Dr. Mackennal said: "It is no use to try to fight overlapping in individual cases." The time has come for all denominations to unite in one great evangelistic service of England. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes spoke with telling effect of the stupidity of wasting preachers on villages by sending them to do work which other men are doing, while there are three million people in London who go to no place of worship. In the discussion of Woman's Work in Towns many interesting facts were brought out, of which we can mention but one or two. Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes gave an account of the Sisterhood of the West London Mission. At present there are thirty-eight sisters. The Sisterhood recognizes two broad principles: first, they are to be true sisters of the common people; and, second, their Sisterhood is to be wide enough to give scope to women of original power and culture. Dr. Mackennal told of a wealthy man and his wife in Manchester who gave up their beautiful suburban home, purchased a music-hall in the city, pulled it down and built a mission-house, with a dwelling-house attached in which they lived. That act had a wonderful influence in Manchester. In the course of the discussion it came out that Lady Henry Somerset gives to the West End Mission in London £400 a year for its work. Mr. Hughes declared his opinion that the pulpit is the chief means of reaching the educated classes. He also said that the idle rich are the most dangerous class of the community. To do nothing for the public good is quite as disgraceful in a rich man as in a poor man.

A Reunion at Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham

The pastor of this church is the Rev. R. W. Dale, D.D., who is known wherever the English language is spoken. A reunion of the members of his church who were there in the early years of his pastorate, a part of which time he was co-pastor with John Angell James, has just been held. The object was to revive memories of the other days, and to enable those who still remain in Carr's Lane, as well as those now associated with other churches, to meet and renew old associations. The attendance was large, and a most touching and eloquent address was presented to Dr. Dale; we wish we had space to insert it in these columns. For more than forty years Dr. Dale has now ministered to this church. He went to it as a young man to be the assistant of John Angell James. For six or eight years they worked together, and then the ministry was left in the hands of Dr. Dale alone. Few churches have had such a history, and few such pastors. We quote one passage from the address: "Many of us recall especially the early years of your ministry with profound thankfulness to Almighty God for the stimulating influence of your noble thought and enlightened interpretation of Scripture; and if any regret attaches to our remembrance of those years, it lies in the fact of our not having attained to the lofty ideals always set forth by your preaching and in your writing." Dr. Dale in his response referred somewhat at length to the wonderful influence and power which his predecessor had had in that church. We in this country know of John Angell James only as the author of "The Anxious Inquirer," but in England he was known for many years as "the Angel James." He was a man of wonderful spiritual power as well as of the loftiest ability and character. At the meeting Dr. Dale told an incident which we have also heard from his own lips. While Mr. James was yet living, and Mr. Dale was a very young man, the latter gave a series of sermons on the Epistle to the Romans, in one of which he, as he said, had

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the audacity to attack the Calvinistic doctrine of "original sin." Some of the people were very much troubled over the heresy of the young preacher, and went to Mr. James about it. He replied: "You leave the young man alone; he has the root of the matter in him, and will come out all right yet." The prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled, for, great as was the influence of John Angell James, it was never greater than is that of the young man of whom he spoke, and who for many years has been one of the great spiritual leaders of the Church in England and throughout the world.

The Free Church Conference

The Free Church Conference at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, on March 27, was attended by about forty ministers from city and country. The day sessions were devoted to reports of Free and Institutional Church Work, several addresses on particular phases of it, and the organization of an Open or Institutional Club League for the advancement of the principles for which it stands. The Rev. C. A. Dickinson, D.D., of Boston, was made President; the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., of New York, Vice-President; and the Rev. F. M. North, D.D., also of New York, Secretary and Treasurer. These, with the Rev. J. L. Scudder, of Jersey City, and the Rev. Dr. Mills, of Cleveland, constitute an Executive Committee. At the public meeting in the evening addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Dickinson, E. Anderson, Day, and Paden. Dr. Thompson read the following as the platform of the League:

The Open or Institutional Church depends upon the development of a certain spirit rather than upon the aggregation of special appliances and methods. It is an organism evolved from a germinal principle rather than an organization. It believes that only as this spirit is developed in the Church universal will the purpose of the kingdom of God among men be realized, and it confidently looks forward to the time when the Church will be understood to stand for the larger view here presented.

As the body of the Christ, the Open or Institutional Church aims to provide the material environment through which the spirit may be practically expressed. As his representative it seeks to re-present him, physically, socially, intellectually, and spiritually, to the age in which it exists.

Inasmuch as the Christ came not to be ministered unto but to minister, the Open or Institutional Church, filled and moved by his spirit of ministering love, seeks to become the center and source of all beneficent and philanthropic effort and to take the leading part in every movement which has for its end the alleviation of human suffering, the elevation of man, and the betterment of the world.

Thus the Open or Institutional Church aims to save all men, and all of the man, by all means, abolishing so far as possible the distinction between the religious and the secular, and sanctifying all days and means to the great end of saving the world for Christ.

While the Open or Institutional Church is known by the spirit of ministration rather than by any specific methods of expressing that spirit, it stands for open church doors every day and all day, free seats, a plurality of Christian workers, the personal activity of all church members, a ministry to all the community through educational, reformatory, and philanthropic channels, to the end that men may be won to Christ and his service, that the Church may be brought back to the simplicity and comprehensiveness of its primitive life, until it can be said of every community, The kingdom of heaven is within you, and Christ is all and in all.

Any person subscribing to these principles may become a member of the League by sending one dollar to the Rev. F. M. North, D.D., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The meeting was perfectly harmonious, and gave, it is believed, a great impetus to the new movement.

Education in the Northwest

We have received from the Rev. L. H. Hallock, D.D., of Tacoma, an interesting letter about our recent paragraph entitled "The Educational Age of the Pacific Slope." With much force Dr. Hallock brings out the need of institutions of learning on that coast, asking if one college is too many for Congregationalists to support in Washington, and one in Oregon, when the nearest denominational institution is in Fargo, North Dakota, and the nearest in the South is Pomona in southern California. He says: "Let these institutions fail, and there is no alternative but to send our lads East, or forbid their education altogether. The long and costly journey cannot be made." Dr. Hallock closes his letter with these words: "Allow me to suggest that men and women in favored Eastern cities shall sit down with a map of the United States and a tape-line, and measure and compute the distances in this Northwestern empire, and remember with what strides immigration is flooding these States, with what earnestness and determination these bright boys and girls are reaching for the best things—and say if it is too much to ask that they endow and help maintain two Christian colleges in these mighty and growing States?" Dr. Hallock misses the point of our comment in the paragraph to which he refers. The *denominational* appeal is no longer as strong as formerly. We do not believe that there are too many institutions of learning on the Pacific coast, but we do believe that there are in many parts of our country; that some were founded for the simple purpose of increasing the denominational spirit, and that if it were not for denominationalism there would be fewer colleges and much better ones than now. The givers in the East are beginning to realize that they are often asked to help the endowment of useless institutions, and we think it very important that those who represent worthy institutions should be careful to make it exceedingly plain that their colleges are called for by the exigencies of the country rather than by the denomination. We are somewhat familiar with the great Northwest, and have firm faith in its future. The institutions to which Dr. Hallock refers ought to be well endowed, and young men and women ought not to have to come east of the mountains for intellectual training. But those who are laying foundations and appealing for money ought to make it very clear that the cause of Christ and the welfare of the State, rather than sectarianism, are behind their appeals. In the cases to which Dr. Hallock refers we are well assured, from personal knowledge, that there is no denominational overlapping.

The Massachusetts Reformatory

The Rev. William J. Batt, moral instuctor at the Massachusetts Reformatory, is one who believes that there is no higher service for a Christian minister than that which is offered in our prisons. His report of the work for 1893 is valuable reading. It has been the writer's privilege to examine this work in person, and we know that nothing is exaggerated in Mr. Batt's report. The place is a reformatory indeed. Its managers recognize that the chief privilege of society is to reclaim those who have fallen, and consequently violated laws. In that institution there are about one thousand inmates. The report reads more like that of an educational than of a penal institution. The list of meetings and classes is quite extended. Devotional meetings are held between supper and the evening schools, open to such as have given evidence of genuine interest in them. Other times are set apart for social talks on the special evils to which men are subject. The Christian Endeavor subject is brought before the men, and prayer-meetings are held on Saturday afternoons. Some are attended by few, and others by as many as two hundred. The officers are not present at these meetings, although the Chaplain is. The Sabbath services are held in the chapel, and are largely attended. They have been addressed by many prominent persons. Among the speakers of last year we notice the Revs. W. R. Alger, D.D., A. P. Putnam, D.D., G. R. W. Scott, D.D., W. E. Griffis, D.D., Irving Meredith, J. B. Thrall, and others equally well known. The men are organized into various societies. There are a Young Men's Christian Association, a Reform Club, a Scientific and Literary Club, a Young Men's Catholic Debating Society, a Chautauqua Class, and a Singing-School. There are also classes in various branches of instruction. The importance of these classes will be manifest when it is remembered that of all the inmates thus far about forty per cent. have been less than twenty years of age, and less than one-fifth have been over thirty. They are not so thoroughly steeped in wickedness that their reform may not be confidently expected. Society itself is often quite as criminal as those who do the specific acts of wrong. It *owes* to the individual offenders in its penal institutions a debt which can only be imperfectly discharged by the most earnest and self-sacrificing endeavors for their reformation. We make no excuse for the individual wrong-doer, and in no way palliate his crime, when we affirm that society itself is a partner in almost all guilt, and that, therefore, the object of such institutions should be, not simply to inflict punishment, but still more to reform the criminal.

The Grand Army Mission

We have before called attention to the Grand Army Mission for the veterans of the late war. It was organized two years ago by the following gentlemen: A. S. Webb, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, James Talcott, General O. O. Howard, General Wager Swayne, Ira M. Hedges, Frank C.

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Loveland, W. T. Wardwell, J. S. Huyler, and S. H. Hadley. Many of the veterans are so poor that they gather in the vicinity of the Pension Agency the night before pay-day and remain in the neighboring saloons, drinking on credit, until the doors of the Agency are opened. After receiving their checks they go to the saloons and get them cashed, the saloon-keeper charging an extortionate sum for his service. The result is that these veterans have been miserably fleeced by the land-sharks who have preyed upon them. Since the opening of this mission the men, instead of going into the saloons to spend the night, go to the mission-rooms, which are fitted up with proper accommodations, and are filled with from three to five hundred of the soldiers on the eve of pay-day. Religious services are held during the entire night, and the men are surrounded with the best influences. Their checks are cashed without charge to them, and they are put upon the cars and sent out of temptation's way. It costs about $5,000 a year to run the mission, and that amount has to be raised by voluntary contributions. The Committee makes an appeal to pastors within three hundred miles of New York, that the subject may be presented to their churches. The mission is now about $1,000 in debt, and must close unless relief is obtained. No word of ours is needed to indorse this appeal. Colonel Hadley, who is so well known in connection with St. Bartholomew's Mission, in Forty-second Street, will respond to invitations to present the work, and, when called upon, he asks that the Grand Army Posts of the vicinity may be invited to be present at the service. Pastors desirous of having his assistance should communicate with Captain Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, 56 Wall Street, New York, who will make the necessary arrangements.

Gleanings

—The Rev. Dr. Charles Parsons Reichel, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Meath, Ireland, died on Thursday of last week. He was elected Bishop of Meath on August 19, 1885. His residence was Dundrum Castle, Dublin.

—The seventy-eighth annual meeting of the New York Female Auxiliary Bible Society will be held at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue and Eighth Street, Thursday, April 12, at 12 o'clock. The Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., will preside. The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D., and also by the Rev. Dr. Faust, of the Jewish Mission.

—In one particular our paragraph of last week about the Young Women's Christian Association of this city was in error. We stated that among the most efficient branches was the Harlem Branch. The fact is this: the Y. W. C. A. of the city of New York has only one branch, located at present at 1509 Broadway, the central building being at 7 East Fifteenth Street. The "Harlem Y. W. C. A." is an entirely separate and independent organization located in the Harlem district of New York City.

—The London "Guardian" says that the religious statistics of Belgium for 1890 give the number of conventual institutions, and their inmates, in the kingdom—229 monasteries, with 4,775 monks, and 1,546 convents, with 25,323 sisters and nuns. There are over 30,000 men and women belonging to the various orders, and, taking the population of Belgium in 1890 at 6,000,000, we find one "religious"—monk or sister—to every 200 persons.

—It is related that when Mrs. Amelia Frost was ordained to the Congregational ministry at Littleton, Mass., the other day, one of the examining committee of ministers asked her: "Does the Bible point to women's preaching?" "Apparently so in my case," was the reply. "But," said the questioner, "I had hoped you would answer by some quotation from the Bible." Instantly Mrs. Frost replied: "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy."

—The early death of the Rev. John Hopkins Worcester, Jr., D.D., in the second year of his work as Professor of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, allowed no time for the accumulation of materials which could illustrate to the public the character of his thinking in that department. But the church which so reluctantly consented to his resignation of the pastoral office (the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Chicago) prints, for private circulation, a number of his valuable sermons, with a biographical sketch and the commemorative discourse by the Rev. Simon J. McPherson, of Chicago.

—The seventh international Convention of the Railroad Branches of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in the Railroad Building, Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, New York, last week. The Convention was composed of practical railroad men. The circular of invitation sent out contained this statement: "The railroad companies generously support the organizations on their lines, not only because they make Christians of the men, but also because it has been found that the average of intelligence and efficiency is being raised by the work that is being done. The railroad companies consider their support of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association a paying investment." Among the speakers were Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Bishop Potter, and the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Books and Authors

Modern Views of the Bible[1]

Professor Sanday stands somewhere midway between the conservative and the radical; he might be termed a moderate or cautious progressive. He is not afraid of new views merely because they are new; as little is he enamored of them. He is at once open-minded and judicial. This book does not represent the views of the most advanced critics, and certainly not those of the extreme conservatives, but it is an admirable statement of the positions which may be regarded as established among all those who accept the methods of the Higher Criticism.

In the study of the Bible two fundamental questions confront the student: First, by what process shall he get his conception of inspiration? second, that conception being secured, how shall he regard the product of inspiration—as a perfect and homogeneous revelation of truth from the earliest ages, or as a progressive revelation characterized by the successive imperfections and the successive developments which belong to all growths? Upon both these questions Professor Sanday takes the modern view. He puts in clear contrast the traditional and the inductive theories of inspiration. The traditional starts out with the assumption that the Bible is the Word of God, and that God is without possibility of error, and that, therefore, his Word must be without possibility of error. It is true that this view has never been quite consistently held: errors in minor details, as in numbers for example, are freely admitted; and, as maintained by the late Presbyterian General Assembly, the affirmation of infallibility is applied only to the "original documents." But the traditional view is thus wholly an *a priori* view, and almost wholly an abstract and theoretical one. The inductive view proceeds by a different process, and reaches, naturally enough, a different conclusion. It takes the Bible and examines it to ascertain what sort of a book it is. In this examination it finds in some books, especially the prophetic, a distinct claim to inspiration, in a reiterated "Thus saith the Lord;" in others, as the Book of Esther and the Song of Songs, no such claim; while in still others the claim is sometimes assumed or implied, sometimes not. It examines the prophetic books, and finds in them, again, a more or less clearly marked distinction between the teachings claimed by the prophets to have come from Jehovah, and the experiences which are the product of their own uninspired thoughts and feelings. These two are sometimes even put in contrast with one another, the prophet arguing with the Lord, or corrected by the Lord. A striking illustration of this is afforded by the story of Moses's experience at the Red Sea:

> And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not: stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you this day. . . . The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace. And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

Moreover, it finds prophets of various degrees of authority; some who are original, some who simply repeat the message which they have received from others, some who are apparently honest but misapprehend the divine voice, and some "false prophets," who cry "Peace! Peace! when there is no peace." It finds prophets differing in their

[1] *Inspiration. Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration.* Being the Bampton Lectures for 1893. By W. Sandy, D.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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interpretation of the divine will, as Isaiah declaring that Jerusalem will be saved, and Jeremiah, a century later, declaring that it will be destroyed. It finds similar differences in the historians—in their record of events, and in their interpretation of them—differences so great that the numbering of Israel by David, which one historian attributes to the influence of God, another historian attributes to the influence of Satan.

But along with these phenomena it finds others of very much greater importance. It finds, alike in prophet and in historian, a representation of God as in his world of nature and of men, and this God as One Supreme God, and he a righteous God, who demands righteousness of his people. It finds this representation growing clearer and more clear as the years go by, and the conception of righteousness growing more and more elevated; and always something far other than, far superior to, any conceptions of God and of the religious life current in the pagan nations about or even in the people of Israel. The inductive method takes all these phenomena, and others characteristic of these writings, and out of them constructs its theory of inspiration—a theory which recognizes a divine influence, but one affecting fallible human faculties; and a divine revelation, but one made through fallible and imperfect men.

Growing out of this study of the Bible, and consistent with this conception of inspiration, is the consequent conception of revelation as progressive. All such notions as that a theory of the Trinity is implied in God's saying, Let *us* make man in our image, or that a theological theory of vicarious atonement is implied in the rejection of Cain's offering of the fruits of the earth, are at once rejected. The student who accepts this view of revelation finds no difficulty in the imperfect views of God and of divine righteousness involved in the earlier conceptions, because he expects the earlier conceptions will be imperfect. He traces a moral progress in the thought of Israel, as represented by the prophetic teachings, and in the organic life of Israel, as represented by its Law:

There are, then, four stages in the history of the Law: (1) the actual beginnings, limited in extent and indeterminate in outline, which Moses was inspired to lay, of the Pentateuchal legislation, with its acceptance by the people; (2) the committal to writing of the Book of the Covenant (Exodus xxii.–xxiv., 7), already regarded as heaven-given and binding upon the conscience; (3) the promulgation of the Deuteronomic Code by Josiah in 651 B.C. (2 Kings xxii., 8–xxiii., 3); and (4) the final promulgation of the complete, or all but complete, body of Pentateuchal laws by Ezra and Nehemiah in 444 B.C.

Dr. Sanday accepts fully these two fundamental principles. He has no *a priori* theory of inspiration which he fastens on the books of the Bible; he goes to the Bible to find out what theory its phenomena call for, and he believes that they call for a theory consistent with a progressive revelation in history, prophecy, and literature, and with different degrees of inspiration in different authors. How he works out these opinions in their application to the books of the Bible we have no room here to describe; suffice it to say that he is not in haste to reach dogmatic conclusions, and that in the main it appears to us that his book may be entirely trusted to give what are substantially established results of the criticism which accepts these two fundamental postulates of a non-mechanical inspiration and a progressive revelation.

The distinguishing feature of the *International Teacher's Edition of the Bible* (International Bible Agency, New York) is the "Bible-Reader's Manual," edited by the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., appended to it. In addition to an index, concordance, Biblical gazetteer, and maps, it contains about two hundred pages of supplemental matter. Among those who have contributed to this supplemental matter are the following: Dr. James Stalker contributes an essay on "How to Study the Bible;" William R. Harper on "Ancient Versions of the Bible;" George Adam Smith on "The Missionary Prophecies;" T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, on "The Bible and Ancient Monuments;" Major C. R. Conder on "The Geography of the Bible;" and Messrs. George J. Spurrell, C. H. H. Wright, and A. Plummer, on "The Books of the Bible." Of all Bible manuals which we have seen, prepared for the use of Sunday-school teachers and incorporated in a Teacher's Bible, this is by far the best. Without being radical or revolutionary, it affords the Bible student information up to date. The composite character of the Pentateuch is recognized, and the facts which scholarship has established on this subject are clearly and briefly stated. The "Song of Songs" is treated as an idyl or pastoral, while its use for allegorical purposes is recognized. The question as to the double authorship of Isaiah is very thoroughly stated, with a leaning toward the single authorship, but with the distinct affirmation that the question is not a theological but a purely literary question. The statements respecting the character and contents of the books of the New Testament are admirable, though we regret that the editor had not space to present more fully the questions respecting the Fourth Gospel. No writer either in Great Britain or this country is more competent to treat Messianic prophecies than George Adam Smith, of Glasgow. Nor do we know where one could find in so brief a compass so comprehensive a statement of the latest testimony of the ancient monuments to the Bible as is found here; and this may also be said concerning Major Conder's essay on "The Geography of the Bible," the author of which is well known to Bible students by his "Tent-work in Palestine." We have, indeed, but one fault to find with this Teacher's Bible. It is that in the attempt to put so much into so little space justice has not been done to the various themes. If, instead of endeavoring to bind up this information with the Bible, the editor had made an introduction to the study of the Bible for lay readers, in a volume of six or eight hundred pages, well printed, he would have rendered, in our judgment, a greater service to Bible students than could be rendered under the limitations imposed upon himself by the conditions of this work.

One of the most recent Tennysonian studies is Professor W. W. McCullom's *Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and Arthurian Stories from the Sixteenth Century*, a compact volume of four hundred and thirty pages, which is only in a minor sense a study of the "Idylls of the King," but which is rather a history of the forms which the Arthurian stories have taken in modern times. This great story, originating in the remote uplands of Celtic tradition, worked its way into mediæval France, where it was fed by many tributary streams. Thence it spread into Britain, and into distant lands. Unlike the story of "Faust," it has never found its Goethe. It did not attract Chaucer or Shakespeare or Spenser, although Spenser borrowed Arthur's name. It is not until we come to Tennyson that we find a great poet devoting himself to the Arthurian legend, and giving it an adequate and worthy form. The origin of this story, its elaborations, modifications, and vicissitudes, are followed at considerable length and with considerable fullness by Professor McCullom, who has evidently made a very careful study of the whole historical field which forms the background of the legends, and who characterizes, one by one, the old-time writers who concerned themselves with the legend. The story is a long and an intensely interesting one. It sheds great light, not only on literary history, but also on the history of the English mind; and it is full of the mystery and of the secret of the civilization which came to an end with the Norman conquest of England. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

It is with lively enjoyment that one accompanies Mr. Richard Harding Davis (in his *Our English Cousins*) to the Derby, to Oxford, to the West and East Ends of London, to the House of Commons, and to drawing-room and garden parties in the London season. Mr. Davis has eyes to see, is not a bit afraid to tell what he sees, and is essentially good-natured. If he points out some of the less commendable peculiarities of our English friends, he is equally frank about those of his own countrymen. There is nothing sneering or irritable about the book, and therein it sets a good example for those transatlantic cousins who feel bound to write upon American manners and society after perhaps a two weeks' visit in Chicago. Mr. Davis's faculty of appreciation and enjoyment is fresh and strong; he makes vivid pictures of both typical and out-of-the-way phases of English life, and a genuine love for incident and humor pervades the book. The description of an English election contest is, in particular, a graphic and interesting chapter; while that of undergraduate life at Oxford is quite as graphic and even more amusing. The illustration is capital. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

If, as has been said, illustration stands second only to printing as a means of civilization, we must regard the men who bring art to the multitude as very important factors in world-betterment. What Bewick had already done for England, Anderson did for this country; he was the first American wood-

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engraver. Outside of fugitive articles, the only information generally accessible regarding him has been a memorial written by Benson Lossing, the historian, in 1870—the year of Dr. Anderson's death at the ripe age of ninety-five years. Now, however, we have a volume, printed on sumptuous paper, of *The Life and Times of Alexander Anderson* (Burr Brothers, New York), written by Mr. Frederick Burr, and of which but a limited number of copies will be issued. As half the book is made up of extracts from Dr. Anderson's diary, an attractive picture of American manners and customs a hundred years ago is presented. The illustrations are of even greater interest than the text; with but a few exceptions they are all engravings by Dr. Anderson, those from "The Life of Benjamin Franklin" being of special note.

A too brief but valuable survey in iconography, archæology, architecture, and Christian art of the use of the various forms of the cross is Mr. Pomeroy Brewster's monograph (Post-Express Company, Rochester). With such a subject, it is a surprise that the author could have confined himself within narrow bounds. Egyptian and Hindu symbolism, passing into Christian usage, is only lightly touched upon, while the art of the primitive Christians is not much better treated. The work will probably be expanded later, as we are informed that it is to form part of a forthcoming volume on church emblems and symbols. As it is, however, the pamphlet is readable, and shows the result of much careful observation. The typographical errors are amusing.

In 1889 we expressed our appreciation of "The Interwoven Gospels," by the Rev. William Pittenger, and we now have only to chronicle the reappearance of the same book with some improvements, under the title *The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony*. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.) The text is that of the Revised Version, and the accounts of the Evangelists are so woven together as to make one continuous narrative. In this edition the author has added interleaves bearing the parallel Gospel accounts, underlining the words in those parallels which may have been incorporated by him into his main narrative. It is an original idea; the book is unique, and it is useful, as may easily be perceived.

It is a pretty serious undertaking to be persistently comic for three hundred consecutive pages. Mr. Bill Nye (we hope he will excuse the Mr.) sometimes falters in the task in his *History of the United States*, and becomes merely ironical and sometimes matter-of-fact. But there is plenty of comicality in the book, and the author is ably seconded by the artist—Mr. F. Opper. The fun of this writer is usually of the surprise sort—the sudden insertion of some bit of slang or patent absurdity into an otherwise demure sentence. He is essentially a comic writer rather than a humorist. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Literary Notes

—Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of the clever and popular "Ships that Pass in the Night," is about to visit this country.

—The author of "The Religion of a Literary Man." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, announces a new volume, entitled "Prose Fancies."

—Miss Agnes Repplier, the author of "Essays in Idleness," will go abroad next month to spend a year and a half in England and Egypt.

—To the new and illustrated edition of "The Stickit Minister" Messrs. Waterlow, Pennell, MacGeorge, Burn Murdoch, and other artists will contribute.

—The forthcoming "History of Trades-Unionism from 1730 to the Present Day," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, is founded largely upon hitherto unpublished material.

—Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, the well-known English lecturer and man of letters, has been commissioned by "Black and White" to explore India and "write it up" for them.

—Dr. Albert Dunning has written a history of "Congregationalists in America," which will be prefaced with brief introductory notes from General Howard and Dr. Richard S. Storrs.

—It is announced that Messrs. Stone & Kimball have engaged Mr. Bliss Carman, the poet, to be their literary mentor, and that Mr. Carman will enter immediately upon the active performance of his new duties.

—Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist and poet, who is now visiting Cuba, is rapidly adding the dignity of dramatist to his other literary employments. Several of his plays have already been performed in London.

—The chief editor of that excellent and well-written Vienna paper, the "Fremdenblatt," Herr von Blumencron, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Notwithstanding this ripe age, he goes to his office morning and night, and waits until the paper is printed.

—Mr. Evelyn Abbott has been requested by the Master and Fellows of Balliol College to prepare the biography of the late Professor Jowett. For the past twenty years Mr. Abbott had been in especially close intercourse with the beloved master.

—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant will be observed on November 3 at Great Barrington, Mass. Bryant was married there, and for several years lived in a house which is still standing, though not in its original location.

—At Vitré in Brittany, a town near which Madame de Sévigné wrote most of her famous letters, a monument is to be erected to her memory. Madame de Sévigné was not born in the Place des Vosges, Paris, as is commonly believed, but in Bourbilly, a Burgundian village.

—Mr. Oscar Browning, the scope of whose Italian studies is shown in his article on Dante in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is out with a book on the age of Dante bearing the very attractive title "Guelphs and Ghibellines: A Short History of Mediæval Italy from 1250 to 1409."

—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet and critic, has been asked to deliver a series of lectures in Cleveland during the present season on the subject of English Lyrical Poetry. The lectures will be of emphatic interest to Mr. Stoddard's friends, since they are the first which he has ever delivered.

—The unknown author of "The Story of Margrédel" is now announced to be Mr. David Storrar Meldrum. The first sentence of the tale is, "My family and the Oliphants were *sib*," a word used also in Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson:" "I'm all o'er-*sib* to Adam's breed." The meaning is "kin;" indeed, it is stated that "gossip" is compounded of "god" and "sib."

—The life of his granduncle, Father Mathew, was the first essay in literature of Mr. Frank Mathew, whose volume of stories, "At the Rising of the Moon," achieved such a success last year. Mr. Mathew is now busy at Sandgate with the last part of his new novel, the scenes of which are laid at Wexford during the Rebellion of 1798.

—Aside from Mr. William Black's town house in London, he has a country house at Oban, Scotland, whither he goes every summer to hunt and fish. He spends most of his time, however, at his principal residence, "Paston House," Brighton, where, in a study on the top floor, he does all his work. A near neighbor is Mr. Edmund Yates, whose home is one of the finest in Brighton.

—It may not be known that Mr. Percy White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," has been editor of the English "Public Opinion" since 1884. The success of his first novel has induced Mr. White to write another, which will also be in autobiographical form. Like Mr. Benson in the matter of "Dodo," the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin" has been accused of taking his characters too openly from real life.

—Mr. Thomas Seccombe has finished his editing of "The Lives of Twelve Bad Men: Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels"—namely, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell; Sir Edward Kelly, Necromancer; Matthew Hopkins, Witch-finder; George Jeffreys, Unjust Judge; Titus Oates, Perjurer; Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat; Colonel Francis Charteris, Libertine; Jonathan Wild, Thief-taker; James Maclaine, Gentleman Highwayman; George Robert Fitzgerald, Fighting Fitzgerald; Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, Poisoner; Edward Kelley, Bushranger.

—The correct usage of a much-abused word was recently being discussed at an authors' club. One man was defending its restricted meaning, until a friend chimed in: "I used to think so until you yourself used it, in one of your stories, in the popular sense." "Well, if I did," the reply was, "I must have been mistaken. Suppose we look it up in the Century Dictionary." Two definitions were found, the restricted and the popular, and under the latter, as authority, the phrase containing the word in question was quoted from the novel of the author who had just been defending the strict interpretation!

—Madame Beloc, who knew George Eliot well, says that she was "the living incarnation of English Dissent. She had 'chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe face—not the flourishing Dissent of Spurgeon or Parker, or the florid kindliness of Henry Ward Beecher, or the culture of Stopford Brooke, but the Dissent of Jonathan Edwards, of Philip Henry, of John Wesley as he was ultimately forced to be. Her horror of a lie, her unflinching industry and sedulous use of all her talents, her extraordinary courage, even her dress, which, spend as she might and ultimately did, could never be lifted into fashion, and retained a certain solemnity of art and gesture like an eighteenth-century edition applied to clothes—everything about her, to me, suggested Bunyan in his Bedford prison, or Mary Bosanquet watched by Fletcher of Madeley as she bore the pelting of the stones in the streets of Northampton."

[For list of Books Received see page 645]

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

Why Not?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article on Woman Suffrage in The Outlook of March 10, headed "An Important Decision," raises among us the question, Why should *all* women be given the ballot?

The California Legislature of 1891 passed a resolution to submit to the people a constitutional amendment providing that no person (male) should be registered as a voter who could not read the Constitution of the State in English. The *politicians* of the House declared that the people would not submit to such a restriction; but at the election, the following year, it was carried by an almost unanimous vote of the people, and in 1893 it became a law. Some of the New England States have the same. Why could not a similar law be passed for women? Intelligent women do not want their votes annulled by "the unintelligent, the vicious, and the ignorant voters."

A Woman who Wants the Ballot.

—

Tougaloo

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Tougaloo University, situated at Tougaloo, Miss., is one of the oldest and largest of the schools under the American Missionary Association; but at present it is passing through a severe ordeal. I quote from a letter received to-day:

"The Hand Fund has been withdrawn from us, because of the straitened finances of the A. M. A. If we cannot raise the money elsewhere, many of our pupils must go; and if they leave, it will mean the breaking up of the school, more or less. It will simply undo much of the work which has been done in years past. But I must tell you what the boys propose to do: Many of them will give up going home this vacation, and almost all have said that they want to work here during the week, and give their work to the institution. In some cases that will amount to over *eight dollars* apiece! It will be a great deal for them; but they are willing to do almost anything to help keep the school running. Whatever help we have we must have soon."

So writes one who is now a teacher in the school, and as a former teacher there. Too much has been done already to let the school run down; and surely these brave boys deserve to be encouraged. I hope that you may, if you have not already done so, give publicity to the needs of the school, and that it may be generously aided.

J. A. C.

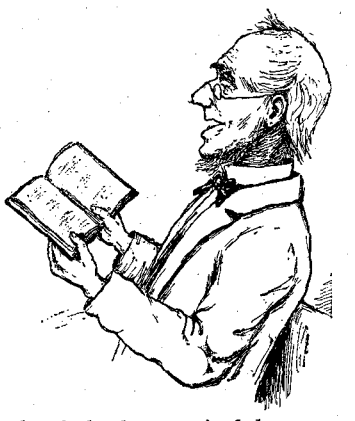
—

The Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., speaking of modern missions, says: "This whole continent of modern missionary effort invites to exploration. If I mistake not, it is veritably a new realm, of continental proportions, which has come to stay, and is to be the scene of noblest triumphs, and the most convincing vindication of historic Christianity." The Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle began its work at Columbia, Mo., in 1890. Its object is to promote the knowledge of missions by means of a course of systematic reading and study on missions in all lands. Its members propose to explore this whole continent of modern missionary effort. To name the books for 1893–4 is to give a fair idea of the scope of the work: "My Missionary Apprenticeship," by Bishop Thoburn, gives the reader an insight into Christian work in India; "The Story of John G. Paton" tells a thrilling story of the South Seas; "Doomed Religions," by Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., gives the right name to every heathen religion; "The New Era," by Dr. Josiah Strong, is thoroughly inspiring; the "Missionary Review of the World," edited by Dr. A. T. Pierson, covers the whole field of missionary enterprise. A fifty-page C. M. R. C. handbook, giving a full account of this organization, may be secured from the Rev. Z. M. Williams, Secretary, Gallatin, Mo. The course embraces a period of three years, and a written examination is required at the end of each year. A beautiful diploma is presented on completion of the course. You may become a member by sending fifty cents to the Secretary, and he will forward you a certificate of membership and give you all necessary information. Pastors, women's missionary societies, young people's meetings, and mission bands are calling for the Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle; it is what they want. The reading is all done at home and as time may be found for this special purpose. The C. M. R. C. year begins August 1, and closes the last of July. Several going in together and forming a Circle may secure the valuable literature of the course at small expense. For further information address the Secretary,

M. L. Gray,
President C. M. R. C.,
Lineville, Iowa.



At church the deacon raised the tune
With nasal twang first low, then louder;
At home his good wife raised the cake
With some of Cleveland's Baking Powder:—
'Twas vainly hoped his tunes he'd make
One half as good as her fine cake.

Notes and Queries

What would you say to a young man who should come to you and say that he had hoped he was a Christian believer for a few years, was a church member and regular at church and religious meetings, perhaps from education and habit, having been brought up in a religious family; rather fond of mission work and the poor, but recently unsettled by so much being said in regard to inspiration of the Scriptures; never really enjoyed the Old Testament, except some of the Psalms and parts of Isaiah, but loved the Gospels and the Christ therein revealed, but questions unanswerable seem to overwhelm his faith: why do not his prayers help in matters of this kind —*i. e.*, of the mind—as well a sin overcoming positive faults or sins in life? For example, he can conquer quick temper by a prayer, but he cannot conquer or put away sk-ptical questionings in that way. What would you advise him to do?

B.

Ill temper is a sin to be conquered. Doubts are not sins; they may grow out of sin, but in a great many instances they are simply the results of growing intelligence. The young man has accepted what tradition has taught him; he begins to study; he finds that what tradition has taught him is inconsistent with what his new teachers are teaching him. If he is intelligent he puts these two together, notes the inconsistency, and is in perplexity. There is nothing wrong in this, and he should not expect to conquer it as a sin, by prayer or by resolution. Neither should he be in haste to reconcile the old teaching and the new; he should be in haste only to do righteously, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God, and leave the literary, scientific, and philosophical questions to be solved gradually, as all intellectual questions must be solved.

In the article in the "Cosmopolitan" for March, entitled "The Son of a Carpenter," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, this statement is made in connection with Christ's healing of the sick: "In no single instance did he [Jesus] send the repentant sinner to the priest or the temple to offer a sacrifice. He simply bade him go in peace and sin no more."

In contradiction of this see Matt. viii., 3, 4: "And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them." The same account is given in Luke v., 14, and the ceremonial "gift," or *sacrifice*, is given in Leviticus xiv., 3, 4, 10. In the interest of truth this mistake should be corrected publicly.

Truth.

There is nothing to indicate that this leper was a penitent, or that the healing was an act of forgiveness. The Jewish law required any leper who claimed to be cleansed to get a certificate from the priest that he was clean. This was a sanitary regulation, and Christ simply sent this leper to the priest to get what in our day would be called a clean bill of health.

1. What is the "scripture" referred to in John xvii., 12, last clause, and to what part of the verse does this clause refer? 2. What *does* John viii., 17, mean for people to-day; does the "willing" to do the will of God involve a promise of special knowledge? 3. Is John xvii., 21, last clause, a promise dependent upon a condition, or is it merely a statement of an end in view, toward which to work?

E. C.

1. Probably no one text, but the consensus of numerous passages, like Psalms lii., 5—cix., 8, declaring the doom of the wicked, is the reference of the last clause. 2. That the sincere and earnest purpose to fulfill the divine law is the condition of insight into the divine authority of Jesus. 3. The latter. The world's faith in Christ will come to pass through the unity of the disciples in Christ.

Does not Dr. Abbott, in his book "In Aid of Faith," on page 171, call the Bible "the Word of God"? If so, is this consistent with his statements of late on that subject? W. B.

Quite consistent. Refer to Jesus's summary of the Old Testament—Matt. xxii., 40. Not every statement in the Bible can be the word of God (see 2 Sam. xvi., 10). The question recurs, What *is* the Bible? As Jesus shows, it is the moral and spiritual substance of it that is to be esteemed as the Word of God—the kernel as distinguished from the shell.

What Bible authority, if any, is there for commentators to say that the kingdom of God is a "spiritual kingdom"? W. D.

See John xviii., 36, 37; Romans xiv., 17.

If "P. H. M.," who asked in our issue of March 24 for leaflets in favor of free pews, will send us his address, we shall be glad to forward some matter on this subject sent us by other readers.

"J. N." inquires for a volume of sermons by W. H. H. Murray. "Words Fitly Spoken" is only a selection from his sermons. I have two perfect volumes of "Park Street Pulpit"—sermons preached by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray. Vol. I., twenty sermons preached during 1871; Vol. II., twenty sermons preached during 1872. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; price, $2.25. They cost me $1.75 each; I will sell them for the same. If "J. N." wishes them, I will send them to his order or directions. David Youngman.

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March Necrology

March 1.—William Frederick Poole. Born 1821. Even while in college he had printed an "Index to Reviews and to Other Periodicals to which No Indexes have been Published." This was followed up later by his larger "Index to Periodical Literature," of which, since 1882, there have been annual supplements. At the time of his death he was in charge of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

March 2.—General Jubal A. Early. Born 1816. Served in the Confederate service, and decisively routed by Sheridan and Custer in 1864–65.

March 4.—The Rt. Rev. John Adams Paddock. Born 1824. Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Olympia, Washington.

March 4.—James Montgomery Bailey. Born 1841. The "Danbury News Man."

March 4.—Lord Tweedmouth. Born 1821. A well-known supporter of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and of Mr. Gladstone.

March 6.—Rufus S. Frost. Born 1826. Represented the Chelsea (Mass.) district in Congress, 1875–7.

March 7.—Richard S. Ely. Munificent donor to public institutions, especially to Yale, the Alma Mater of every generation of the Elys for a century and half.

March 9.—Cardinal Léon Benoit Charles Thomas. Born 1826. Archbishop of Rouen. Perhaps the greatest social leader among French prelates.

March 9.—Cardinal Francesco Ricci Paracciani. Born 1830. Elevated to the cardinalate in 1880.

March 11.—Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Born 1829. Eminent English jurist and judge of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice. Brother of Mr. Leslie Stephen, the well-known man of letters.

March 11.—Ludwig August Frankl. Born 1810. Popular Austrian poet.

March 15.—Charles Detaille. Brother of Édouard Detaille, the military painter, and himself a famous painter of animals.

March 15.—Francis Edwin Brownell. The avenger of Colonel Ellsworth's assassination in Alexandria in 1861.

March 18.—The Rev. Narcisse Cyr. Born 1824. A life devoted to propagating Protestantism among the French-Canadians of New England.

March 19.—Commodore William Danforth Whiting. Born 1823. Executive officer of the Vandalia at the capture of Port Royal in 1861, afterwards commanding the school-ship Savannah, and then the Saratoga of the North Atlantic squadron. Was retired in 1881.

March 20.—Louis Kossuth. Born 1802. Once Governor of Hungary. Orator, patriot, general, dictator, and leader in the campaign for Hungarian independence. See The Outlook for March 31, page 573.

March 23.—Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. Born 1828. Commissioner from Great Britain to the Vienna, Paris, and Philadelphia Exhibitions, and Secretary of the Royal Commission on the London Colonial Exhibition of 1886.

March 25.—Sir Robert Prescott Stewart. Born 1825. Since 1862 Professor of Music at Dublin University.

March 26.—Alfred Holt Colquitt. Born 1824. Served in the Mexican War, and also in the Confederate Army. Twice elected Governor of Georgia, and twice elected United States Senator. His present term would have ended March 4, 1895.

March 26.—Commander Verney Lovett Cameron. Born 1841. The first European to cross equatorial Africa. See page 616.

March 28.—George Ticknor Curtis. Born 1812. Long a patent lawyer in Boston, but since 1862 he practiced law in New York City. His first wife was a daughter of Joseph Story and a sister of the poet-sculptor, W. W. Story. Mr. Curtis was the author of twenty books of a legal, historical, and biographical nature.

March 29.—The Most Rev. Charles Parsons Reichel, D.D. Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Meath, Ireland. Elected to the bishopric in 1885.

March 29.—Baron Hannen. Born 1821. President of the Parnell Inquiry Commission, 1889. Lord of Appeal, 1891. One of the British arbitrators on the Behring Sea Commission, 1893.

March 30.—Mrs. Jane G. Austin. Born 1839. Author of "A Nameless Nobleman, "Standish of Standish," "Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters," "Betty Alden," and other books. Mrs. Austin spent most of her life in Boston, but from 1860 to 1870 lived at Concord, where her closest friend was the late Louisa Alcott.

March 30.—Henri Charles Georges Pouchet. Born 1833. Well-known scientist. Succeeded to the professorship formerly held by Paul Bert at the Paris Sorbonne.

March 31.—William Robertson Smith. Born 1846. Read Hebrew at six years of age. Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, England. One of the most brilliant Orientalists and broadest Bible critics. See page 618.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Spring Exhibition at the Academy of Design

The sixty-ninth annual spring exhibition at the National Academy of Design, New York City, presents fair average of merit, but not a single work of exalted worth. It is easy to say that the pictures of some superannuated Academicians crowd out those of younger and more talented men. But even were these out of the way, the remainder could not be called brilliant. Perhaps the most attractive department is that of landscapes. Without a contribution from Mr. Inness any such collection at the Academy would seem unfamiliar. This time he depicts a "Catskill Valley," in which, accustomed as we are to the artist's methods, the somewhat theatrically vivid treatment surprises us only because it is not more so. There is much autumnal atmospheric impression, but as to composition the picture does not hold together, the foreground apparently dwarfing the background. Mr. Swain Gifford's "Moorlands" may be his masterpiece, but a more interesting and yet much less pretentious work hangs near by in Mr. Walter Clark's "Old Farm." Mr. Shurtleff's three delightful landscapes are well-nigh idealized; Mr. Ochtman's "June" follows hard after; and so does Mr. Francis Murphy's contribution, a large canvas for him, in which, however, his wonderful combination of light and color is no more remarkable than in the smaller sketches shown last autumn. Mr. Frederic Pape's sympathetic treatment of "The Site of Ancient Memphis" is simply spoiled by being "skied;" it is hung above an entrance. Venice has inspired pictures of varying excellence by Messrs. Moran, Palmer, Vivian, and Caryl Coleman, the latter of whom may well abandon almond-blossoms and other decoration for such nobler work as he has here produced. Mr. Bolton Jones is refreshing as usual, Mr. Robert van Boskerck's pictures are finicky but fine, while the "Path through the Fields" is as good as anything from Mr. Boston's brush. Another "Path," Mr. Alden Weir's, shows him again, as usual, experimenting. His contribution, along with those from Messrs. Twachtman and Robinson, represent the only distinctively impressionistic strivings. Remembrances of Rousseau are not absent in looking at Mr. Daingerfield's charming "Under Midday Skies;" fine high lights are those in Mr. Turner's "Late Afternoon;" and excellent work, though needing flat tones, is in the scenes depicted by Mr. Inglis. Mr. Hart's, Mr. Parrish's, and Mr. Warren Eaton's landscapes are full of interest, and Mr. Chase's picture is on even a higher plane, in which, however, his "white cotton" clouds are singularly aggressive.

In portraiture the only strong work is Mr. Vinton's strictly academic picture of Dr. Green. Next in interest are Mr. Fowler's presentment of Mr. Charles A. Dana and Mr. Carroll Beckwith's of Mr. Janvier. The best thing which Mr. Herter has done is his "Portrait of Mrs. H.;" it marks an advance in both simplicity and virility. As to *genre*, while Mr. Shirlaw's "Old Fiddler" is a refined Teniers, if Miss McChesney continues as at present she will become a small edition of Israels. Mr. Franzén sends some more thin work, and, in contrast, we have a concentration of J. G. Brownism in "Heels over Head," but it is Mr. Chalfant's small and superbly finished "Inventory" that will attract universal attention. As one gazes at its huge next-door neighbor, Mr. Dielman's "Marriage of Doctor Francis LeBaron and Mary Wilder," Jarley's waxworks come irresistibly to mind. Of other figure-painting, Mr. Abbott Thayer's anatomically confused and muddily colored contribution, despite the good head and the depth of expression, is unworthy of the really great work this artist has done. Nor do Mr. Tarbell's deformed if dashing young women show his usual cleverness, while the pictures from Messrs. Low and Walker are disappointing to lovers of their earlier idyls. Mr. Eggleston comes more prominently to the front, and the "Hagar" by Edith Mitchill evinces nobly independent thought. Mr. Henry is on hand with one of his usual subjects, and as a relief there is delightful simplicity in the picture by Mrs. Francis Murphy, who in this field may fascinate as much as her husband does in his. In the wonderful "Revery" by Cecilia Beaux free handling and psychology are alike impressive; indeed, no picture in the Academy is more remarkable, save, perhaps, Mr. Benson's "Firelight," which is so broadly painted as to be most effective when seen from a proper distance. It is a strange work of unsimple simplicity. There are too many wrinkles in the apparently plain gown, and the life-expression from the figure is nervous and almost noisy in its seeming repose.

PICTURES OF JERUSALEM

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THE

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various points of the Saviour's

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New York Herald, Sunday, April 8

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Recreation Department The Outlook

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Recreation Department, The Outlook, New York

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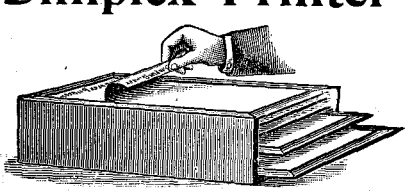

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Financial

The danger from any excessive demand for gold from the other side passes away with the veto, by the President, of the Seigniorage Silver Coinage Bill. It is felt by large dealers, and, indeed, by the general financial leaders on both sides of the water, that no dangerous financial legislation will be enacted for the term of the present Administration, and that no radical legislation affecting values is likely to succeed. With this feeling of confidence predominating, after a long period of distrust and doubt, there appears to be a corresponding disposition to take risks, not only in the purchase of investments, as noted, but in the more speculative shares, even down to the exceedingly low-priced, on the list. While it is truthfully said, on the one hand, that no perceptible improvement has yet taken place in railway gross earnings, the reduction in wages which the times have enforced is working with railway employees equally with other industrial employments. The February returns of the gross and net earnings of prominent roads just reported justify the belief that railways can legitimately curtail expenses without detriment to property. For example:

St. Paul's gross earnings decreased in February $170,127, while there was net increase of $131,189. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy's gross decrease was $554,344, while the net decrease was only $64,010. The most striking example is in the Pennsylvania Central, whose gross earnings for February fell off $1,124,717, while the net result was a decrease of only $110,639. Nearly equal with this is the case of the Reading, which, with a decline in gross of $790,630, shows a net loss of only $4,562. Chesapeake and Ohio loses gross $100,445, and in net $5,028. Eight roads in all show an average gross loss, each, for the month named, of $435,621, and an average net loss each of only $52,038. It will be seen by these figures that the saving is not in single cases, but is being generally enforced and with remarkable results. How long such economies may be kept up without a deterioration of the physical condition of the properties is a question which is not yet solved, as, perhaps, railway managers never have undertaken such radical curtailment in general expenses before; but in most instances we are told that these economies are not practiced to the detriment of the roads.

Steps are again being taken in Congress, intended to prepare the way for the reorganization of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads by the passage of a bill which shall provide for the funding of the bond indebtedness of these companies to the Government into a low-interest-rate, long-time bond with a sinking fund attached which shall liquidate the debt with the termination of the debenture—say, in a hundred years.

A sharp curtailment in the anthracite coal production is being enforced by all of the companies interested. It will be recalled that last year these companies, combined, mined over 43,000,000 tons of coal, against 17,000,000 in 1873—a prodigious increase in twenty years; it would not be strange if this great aggregate were reduced easily to 40,000,000 tons for 1894. The combination has fixed a reduced price for April for coal, amounting to an average of twenty-five cents a ton, as have the producers of the soft coals also in making new contracts.

The bank statement for the week shows no signs of any change in the drift of money, and is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,775,700
Specie, increase	1,531,800
Legal tender, increase	3,810,400
Deposits, increase	3,278,800
Reserve, increase	4,522,500

This leaves the city banks with a surplus reserve of $83,600,150.

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A Merchant's Thrift

A reporter of the Philadelphia "Times" says that Frederick A. Koons, the senior of one of the largest wholesale firms in Philadelphia, recalls many interesting recollections of the day when Philadelphia merchants were prominent in bringing trade to this port from the West India Islands. Mr. Koons, then quite a boy, in 1848, was employed as supercargo by the old firm of Barclay & Kennedy, who, with the firm of S. & W. Welsh & Co., were the heaviest shipping houses in the city engaged in the West India business. On one of his return voyages from Barbados he brought back a considerable quantity of Spanish coins in silver and gold tied up in small bags, as was the custom, and had them carried to the old banking office of the Drexels on Third Street for sale. The bags were emptied out on the counter and the coins carefully counted and set aside in separate piles, in order to calculate the correct sum for which the bank check should be drawn. After this was done old Mr. Drexel took from inside his desk one of the feathered quill pens then generally used, and, with a sheet of white paper, he slowly swept off that portion of the counter upon which the coin had been handled, and as carefully shook the paper into a tin box. Mr. Koons could not see any dust on the paper, so he smilingly asked Mr. Drexel what was gained by the sweepings, and was greatly astonished at the old gentleman's kindly reply: "Why, young man, it brings me in a clean profit of $1,000 or $1,500 a year." Mr. Koons has never forgotten the incident, nor the impression it made that the Drexel boys were being disciplined by their father into the closest kind of thrift and attention to the little saving economies in their business methods, and that such training in their early years did not in the least stint their development into men of noble, liberal, and philanthropic actions.

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Harper, W. R., and I. B. Burgess. Inductive Studies in English Grammar. 50 cts.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Blow, Susan E. Symbolic Education.
Fiske, John. Edward Livingston Youmans.
Gray, Maxwell. A Costly Freak. $1.

ARENA PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Warren, Walter. Columbus the Discoverer. $1.25.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
McLaren, Alexander. Gospel of St. Mark $1.
Moule, H. C. G. Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. $1.50.

THE CRITIC CO., NEW YORK
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GINN & CO., BOSTON
Mellé, Rosine. Contemporary French Writers.

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LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Stockbridge, J. C. Memoir of the Rev. Baron Stow.

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Millar, James. The Apostolic Age of the Christian Church. Vol. I. $3.50.
Jessopp, Augustus. Random Roaming. $1.75.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Herron, George D. The Christian Society.
Gospel According to Peter. By the Author of "Supernatural Religion."
Thaxter, Celia. An Island Garden. Illustrated by Childe Hassam. $4.

SCHULTES PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Larrabee, William. The Railroad Question,

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Stoddard, Charles A. Beyond the Rockies. $1.50
Putnam, George I. On the Offensive. $1.25.
Plunkett, Mrs. H. M. Josiah Gilbert Holland. $1.50.

J. SELWIN TAIT & SONS, NEW YORK
Higginson, Mrs. S. J. A Bedouin Girl. $1.25.

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Ferneaux, W. S. Whittaker's Anatomical Model. 75 cts.
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Good Deeds

A month ago, in a fire near New York City, one man made three trips into the burning building, bringing out two persons each time. When he struggled through the flames and smoke on his last trip, he was so overcome that he had to be helped through the window. That man was James Maloney, Poundmaster of Long Island City.

When an asphyxiated patient, who had been overcome by escaping gas, was dying recently at the Long Island College Hospital, and it was known that only an immediate transfusion of blood would save her, Dr. Franklin Kemp, the House Surgeon, at once bared his arm that his blood might immediately be put into the veins of the humble woman. Older physicians warned him against a possible risk of life, but he would not be dissuaded. His sacrifice prolonged life only twelve hours, but that circumstance diminishes not a whit the credit due to heroism.

The late Senator Colquitt, though ruined by the Civil War, was one of the kindest friends to the colored man. He built the first church for negroes in Georgia, and he had long held regular Sunday services for them, where he read and expounded the Scriptures. During both terms of his Governorship he was a bitter opponent of racing and gambling at State fairs.

A considerable portion of the late Richard S. Ely's fortune will revert to charitable institutions. By the terms of his will he made the following large bequests to public corporations:

To St. Luke's Hospital	$20.000
To the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor	10,000
To the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	10.000
To the Society for the Promotion of the Gospel Among Seamen	5,000
To the Wetmore Home for Fallen and Friendless Women	5,000
To the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples	10,000
To the Society for the Suppression of Vice	5,000
To the Century Association, for a library	10,000
To the Hartford (Conn.) Art Society	10,000

The trust for Yale consists of the residue of the estate after the various bequests and other trusts have been deducted. Estimates of the amount range between $50,000 and $100,000.

Among the girl skaters recently at Great South Bay, Long Island, was a Miss Laura Hoffman, of Patchogue. The ice suddenly broke, and a large piece bearing Miss Hoffman drifted out to sea. The outer edges of the block were constantly being broken off by the increasing power of the rising wind. The other girls had rushed to the village for aid, and as soon as possible several young men hurried to the shore. Among them were George R. and Samuel P. Wright, of Patchogue, and R. N. Floyd, of Brookhaven. They seized a small skiff, and, launching it in the open water, were soon on their way out into the bay. The waves were so high that several were shipped, and it required good boatmanship to make headway. Nevertheless, they finally got to the inner edge of the floating ice, and there took the frightened girl into the boat, without serious mishap.

If, on March 17, it had not been for the promptness of Frank Muldoon, the Philadelphia flyer on the Central Railroad of New Jersey would have met with a frightful accident near Plainfield, New Jersey. Not far from the city the tracks run along a high embankment, and the trains which do not stop at the Plainfield station make time on this stretch. There is a switch with a small siding just before the embankment ends, not often used, but equipped with the usual safeguards, including a target. Some time between the passing of the previous train and the arrival of the Philadelphia flyer this switch was thrown. The switchman carelessly went away and left it open, but, fortunately, forgot to lock it. Had he locked it nothing could have saved the train. As it was, the lock was in the staple, but the switch was turned to throw the train upon the siding. When the flyer appeared in the distance, those standing upon the platform moved away from the track to avoid the dust and stones which are torn up and carried along by the train. Muldoon was moving back too, when he looked up the track and saw, instead of the white face of the target, the red disc. He realized the peril. He ran to the switch, pulled out the lock, threw down the hasp, and was just swinging the rails into proper position when the train struck the ends of the switch rail. But though he had succeeded in closing the switch, he was struck by the engine and thrown several feet. The engineer had seen the danger disc and had "reversed" long before he struck the switch, but the engine and four cars had passed the frog when the train came to a standstill. The passengers, who were well shaken up, hurried out and found the engineer was shaking like one with ague. Muldoon was severely bruised and his arm dislocated, but he is a hero.

Insulted

Recently in Paris a person who is classed as a poet was sent to prison for an assault with intent to commit murder; and his case recalls that of another poet, Chapon by name, who about the middle of the present century ended his days in prison for theft. Chapon was, indeed, an inveterate thief, and was apprehended more than once.

At the prison of Ste. Pélagie, during his incarceration, Chapon once met Felix Pyat, revolutionist and communist, who was generally in prison for some political offense. As political prisoners were generally sent to Ste. Pélagie, and as Chapon was a somewhat pretentious and well-educated person, Pyat supposed that he, too, had been sentenced for some revolutionary attempt. So, stepping up to him, he extended both his hands, and said, with a friendly smile:

"We, sir, political offenders—"

"I beg your pardon, citizen," said Chapon, straightening up and looking down very coldly on Pyat, "I'm in for stealing, if you please!"

How much is Leavenworth?
How fast does Chicago?
Who is it Council Bluffs?
And who laid Buffalo?
Oh, whom does Syracuse?
What sad sight has Racine?
Why throw that Little Rock?
Who painted Bowling Green?
—Kansas City Journal.

For Indigestion
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Dr. W. W. GARDNER, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventive of indigestion. and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water and sweetened."

"Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

Scott's Emulsion

you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect.* Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Bock free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

THERE is but one way in the world to be sure of having the best paint, and that is to use only a well-established brand of strictly pure white lead, pure linseed oil, and pure colors.*

The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and are always absolutely

Strictly Pure White Lead

"ANCHOR" (Cincinnati).	"JEWETT" (New York).
"ARMSTRONG & McKELVY" (Pittsburgh).	"KENTUCKY" (Louisville).
"ATLANTIC" (New York).	"JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO." (Phila.)
"BEYMER-BAUMAN" (Pittsburgh).	"MORLEY" (Cleveland).
"BRADLEY" (New York).	"MISSOURI" (St. Louis).
"BROOKLYN" (New York).	"RED SEAL" (St. Louis).
"COLLIER" (St. Louis).	"SALEM" (Salem, Mass.)
"CORNELL" (Buffalo).	"SHIPMAN" (Chicago).
"DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh).	"SOUTHERN" (St. Louis and Chicago).
"ECKSTEIN" (Cincinnati).	"ULSTER" (New York).
"FAHNESTOCK" (Pittsburgh).	"UNION" (New York).

*If you want colored paint, tint any of the above strictly pure leads with National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

These colors are sold in one-pound cans, each can being sufficient to tint 25 pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade; they are in no sense ready-mixed paints, but a combination of perfectly pure colors in the handiest form to tint Strictly Pure White Lead.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York.

The Great Church LIGHT.

FRINK'S Patent Reflectors give the **Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest** and the **Best** Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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About People

—The betrothal of the British Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, to Margot, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, is exciting much interest in England, where, as in this country, Mr. Benson's book "Dodo" has given an idea of what the future Mrs. Asquith is like.

—The house a mile south of the center of West Hartford, Conn., where Noah Webster was born, is still in a good state of preservation. After his college and school-teaching days the lexicographer returned to the old home and compiled a large part of his famous spelling-book.

—It is said that Mr. Labouchere has spent $150,000 defending "Truth" against libel suits. He would hardly have the law in England regarding libel changed if he could, for his independent attitude and exposure of imposition and fraud have brought him as much as $80,000 a year.

—The candidacy of Mr. William Waldorf Astor at the Carlton Club was proposed by the Marquis of Abergavenay. Mr. Astor was elected over hundreds of names which were ahead of him on the list of candidates for admission, and is the first American who has ever been so honored.

—The French Ambassador to Washington, M. Jules Patenotre, who has just married Miss Elverson, is the fourth foreign diplomat at present accredited to us who has wedded an American lady, the others being the Mexican Minister, Don Matias Romero-Robledo; the Brazilian Minister, Senhor Salvador de Mendonça; and the Nicaraguan Minister, Don Horatio Guzman.

—The defective vision of Mr. Gladstone and of Signor Crispi has called attention to the numbers of famous people whose eyes and ears are infirm, the most striking example being the present Emperor of Germany, who is forced to pack his aural openings with huge wads of cotton, which affliction caused Prince Bismarck to say that he was glad, on the whole, not to possess the ear of his sovereign.

—Only a year ago the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos, was loudly bewailing the death of his wife. Now it is announced that he is betrothed to the Princesse Berthe de Rohan, a sister of the present head of that family. It will not be forgotten, however, that it was to the intrigues of a Rohan that the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette and the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in France were due.

—The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark is to be celebrated on Sunday, July 29, marking the climax of the usual summer family gatherings at Copenhagen, when the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Christian IX. make the Castle of Rosenborg a merry and memorable place. The Danish King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the King and Queen of Greece, and Prince and Princess Waldemar, with their children, make up a family group as royal as it is rare.

—Mr. George Du Maurier has just been telling a Toynbee Hall audience that when the mantle fell from John Leech's shoulders it was found to be big enough to cover Sandman, Harry Furniss, Georgina Bowers, and himself, and that his department was to be "the romantic tenor of Mr. 'Punch's' Opera-Bouffe Company, while Keene was to sing the comic songs." Mr. Du Maurier was originally intended for a chemist, but Dr. Williamson, of University College, told him he "would make a shockingly bad one." He then returned to Paris, of which he is a native, and began to study art. It is a pity that so clever and distinguished an artist is deprived of the use of one eye.

—A letter was lately received at the Bible House, New York City, directed to "Mir Giovanni Diodati, Societa Biblica Americana Italiana. Nonp. 32 mo., New York City." No one knew of any such person in the building, until it was suggested that the name was the same as that of the eminent Italian divine who, three hundred years ago, translated the Bible into his native tongue, and whose name appears on the title-page of the Italian Testaments published by the Bible Society. It seems that the writer of the letter, owning a copy of the Testament, wished to obtain the whole Bible, and hence wrote to the translator, adding the Society's address so as to be sure of reaching him.

—Declining calls to the larger universities of Würzburg, Strassburg, Bonn, and Vienna, Professor Ernst Haeckel, the German Darwin, has for thirty-three years been connected with the University of Jena, where he has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Contributions solicited for a bust of the eminent scientist, to be placed in one of the university buildings, have yielded two thousand dollars more than was needed—a sufficient commentary on the Professor's popularity.

We Have All Seen Them

People who are proud of their humility.

People who talk all the time and never say much.

People who never say much and yet speak volumes.

People who say a great deal and do very little.

People who say little and do a great deal.

People who look like giants and behave like grasshoppers.

People who look like grasshoppers and behave like giants.

People who have good clothes but very ragged morals.

People who have an idea they are religious mainly because they feel bad.

People who wouldn't kill a chicken with a hatchet, but who try their best to kill their neighbors with their tongues.—*Ram's Horn.*

Good Times Ahead

No doubt about it, we are rapidly leaving "hard times" in the rear, and those who are working for good times and expecting them are already enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. If, however, things are not moving satisfactorily, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will give you a business opportunity that will prove a surprise and delight.

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HIGHEST AWARD at Worlds Fair. PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS The Best in the World.

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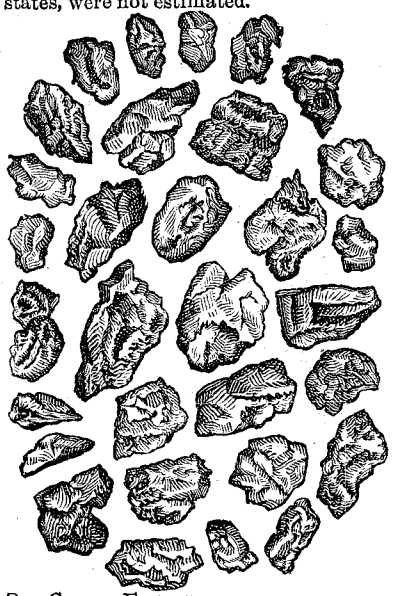
The following plate is from a photograph which forms a part of a communication of DR. GEORGE H. PIERCE, of Danbury, Conn., to the *New England Medical Monthly* for Nov. 1890 (see page 78 of that journal), and represents some of the largest specimens of

Two Ounces and Twenty-seven Grains of Dissolved Stone

from a patient under the action of **Buffalo Lithia Water.** Smaller particles, and a quantity of Brickdust deposit, Dr Pierce states, were not estimated.



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Commissioner of Health, New York City, and President of the Board of Pharmacy.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in my practice, with excellent results. **It is a potent remedy for correcting Rheumatic Diathesis.** In a case of *uric acid gravel*, in which I recently prescribed it, its beneficial effects were apparent after *the third dose.* I have also prescribed it with great benefit in *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.*"

This Water has proved not less efficacious in BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, &c.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
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